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Poetry.

For the Blade.

FISH—IN TWO TABLEAUX.

BY W. LYLE.

TABLEAUX FIRST.

'Twas morning. On the hills the gray mist hung,
Two forms were standing in the hall.
One was as beautiful as she was young,
And one was manly-like and tall.

A cloud of care was on the lady's brow—
'Twas their first parting, cruel fate;
They had been wedded only three months now,
And he would not return till late.

Around him lay a wondrous mass of strings,
Flasks mysterious and so forth.
One loving kiss, then he took up his things,
And bade farewell then to the North.

She watched that form till nearly out of sight—
"Gode return" was her poor heart's wish—
"How shall I live without him until night?
"But then, of course, he had to fish."

TABLEAUX SECOND.

The misty morning grew toward the day,
And she sat nursing her great woe,
Her head, her two big, weepy bogrs away,
And tears insisted they would flow.

Anon, a rap, tap, tap came to the door—
She did not run, oh! no—she flew
There stood a boy, with twenty fish, or more—
Real sparkling beauties, white and blue.

She chased her lily hands, and longed to be
ghost—
"So quick, my darling, my delight!
Dear boy, did Edward send me all those trout?"
"Yes, ma'am, he ordered them last night,"
Responded the N. Y.

For the Blade.

PARTING.

BY CALYXUS.

Face to face, and heart to heart
Mingling kisses o'er we part;
Arms to arms together press
Love's tumultuous mute excess.

Oh, my love! through lonely years,
Dark with pain, and dim with tears,
Dearer will the memory grow,
That we kissed each other so!

Kiss me, love, and so from fate
Wring one hour, exultant, great;
Mute with rapture, anguish, glow—
Matchless bliss, and nameless woe!

After years this hour will shine,
Set apart, complete, divine;
Like a lily in the gloom
Of our lives' unlovely doom.

Kiss me, love! for, ah, how fleet
Are those sacred moments sweet,
Pressed against thy beating heart,
Feeling all thou canst, and art!

Years I'd give, prolonged and slow,
Years of pilgrim pain and woe;
Years of life, could years restore
All the light and hope of yore,

Could my life's full flower unclose
Richly from thy heart's repose;
So to lean and so to be
Blessed, my Soul, my Missing thee!

Our Story Teller.

'LIZ'BET.'

BY HENRIETTA H. HOLDICH.

I was in despair. Having told you that, I suppose I must tell you how and why. We lived upon the river, you see, just a convenient distance from the city. It was the easiest thing in the world for our friends to come out by boat, spend the afternoon or evening, and go home in the evening refreshed in mind and body. Who begrudged it? I am sure that I did not, but it is not always convenient to have friends dropping upon you in showers, especially when you have no servant. That was it, you see. I had no servant, therefore I was in despair. Suppose I should have an avalanche of company to-day, and I alone. Who would cook the dinner while I entertained them? Or, if I cooked the dinner, who would entertain them? Which alternative was to be preferred, that my guests should go dinnerless, or minus themselves as best they could in my absence? In either case—

"Beg pardon, missis."

I was seated on the piazza, sunk in meditation, when the words caused me to raise my head suddenly. They had came across the lawn, which accounted for my not having heard their footsteps.

"Beg pardon, missis; but we yeard you wanted a servant. Me an' my ole woman, we'se bof out ob a place, so—"

He was rather a jolly little man, with a round, shiny, black face, and a square, sturdy figure. Disregarding his interlocutor though, as I turned to the tall, tarbaned woman beside him, black as he, but with fine-cut features and deep, sad eyes.

"Can you cook?" I asked.

She opened her lips to speak, but he caught the words away before she could utter them.

"Cook, he cried. "Bless yo' soul, missis, yes! Won't fin' no better cook'n 'Liz'bet' nowhar. Bes't cook all de kentry roun', 'Liz'bet' is. Can't fin' de beat o' *her*."

"And sweep? and scour? and do general housework?" I asked hastily, for, in comparison with cooking nothing seemed to me of much account in this place.

The wages they asked were low, so absurdly low that a vague doubt entered my mind. There was not much to be lost by trying, however, and, if I lost this chance there was no saying when another might come my way. Moreover, something in the woman's face attracted me, and I said hesitatingly:

"I feel half inclined to try you."

"Me, too, missus," said the man with a grotesque bow. "We'se dessed to go 'sprate, me an' 'Liz'bet'. You want a man to take keer ob de cow and do odd jobs."

"Yes, we want a man," I said dubiously, knowing that Stephen, our factotum, had left that very morning.

The risks of engaging a totally strange man might have been serious enough to make me pause, but I had not the day-boat come into sight around the point just then. A cloud of fluttering handkerchiefs on its deck forewarned me of guests, and the sight decided me. There was no time for delay, for the landing was just below the cliffs, and my friends, whoever they might be, would arrive in an hour at the latest. Therefore, almost without realizing what I was doing, I concluded the bargain, hurried 'Liz'bet' in to show her the kitchen, started Jimmy off to attend to the neglected cow, gave hasty orders for the killing of chickens, and concocting of whipsyllabubs—my invariable resource in an emergency—and was on the piazza to greet my guests when they arrived.

For once I was thoroughly delighted. Of all the friends I had in the world they were those whom I most wished to see. They were all cultivated, literary, artistic, and time flew in spite of my interest in them and wonderment as I must escort them to the best points of view, I must join in their conversation, I must give my opinion of this, and that, and the other. Not a moment was left me in which to steal from the room to see how things were going on in the kitchen and whether 'Liz'bet' was quite equal to the dinner. And as the dinner-bell, at last, clanged, and I rose to marshal my guests to the dining-room.

Can I describe my first feelings of relief and amazement, as I glanced at the table? Every plate, knife, fork, and napkin in its place, the cloth without a wrinkle, the dishes symmetrically arranged. There was even a little bunch of wild flowers and garlanded with delicate trailing vines. Would the viands bear out the promise which the table held forth? They did. The roasted chickens were done to a turn, the fried ones were such as only a colored cook can achieve. The vegetables were perfectly cooked and faultlessly seasoned. The dessert—whip-syllabubs, floating islands, custards—was fit for the gods of Olympus. The cup of coffee, which (unordered by me) crowned the repast was "clear as amber, fine as musk."

"You have a treasure of a cook," said one of my friends, and I, who had been prepared to lavish myself in abject apologies, smiled and held my peace.

When I told Gerald what I had done he laughed. Then he looked grave, and, after a moment, left the room. When he came back his face was a study—puzzled, pleased, and doubtful all at once.

"I think, on the whole, you have made a good bargain, Molly," he said. "They have excellent references, though we can fiot verify them, as their last employer has broken up house-keeping and gone to Europe. The man seems the essence of good nature, and understands his work thoroughly, I should judge. The woman has a noble face, though it is so intensely sad. On the whole, I am inclined to trust them. Perhaps it was Providence that sent them to our door. You would better keep your eyes open and watch them closely, though."

Of course, I should keep my eyes open—who would not, with strange servants about?—but there did not seem very much to watch. 'Liz'bet was simply perfect in every department to which she put her hand. Never had I been so perfectly at leisure from household cares, certain that whatever I was obliged to leave undone she would do in a way that would bring no discredit upon me. She seemed never tired and never in a hurry, moving about always with smooth, slow, stately motions, now in the kitchen now in the bedrooms, now in the barn and cow-house—for I was not long in discovering that she did more than half of Jimmy's work. That did not trouble me, so long as both his and her own work were properly done. It was rather pleasant to see Jimmy's sturdy little figure reclining peacefully under a tree, and to hear his mellow voice crooning one of the quaint "spiritovals," in which his soul delighted, while I was quite sure that neither horse nor cow lacked for aught.

One hot afternoon I was reading at my window. The blinds were closed, making a green twilight shot through with sharp little arrows of golden light. The book had dropped from my languid fingers, my eyes were fast closing, when voices from without reached my ear. I was hardly awake, yet I recognized 'Liz'bet's voice.

"Sho, now, Jimmy, honey! wake up, can't ye? and fotch me a pail o' water. I does hate to ax ye, but seems like I nuis' hab it, and I can't leabe my work—de pies in de oben, an' de ham a-bilin' an' jes' all but done."

"Go yo' se'f, old lazy bones," grumbled Jimmy, sleepily. "I's done tired totin' tings fur ye. Go 'long and luff me 'lone."

But 'Liz'bet lingered, pleading:

"Ah, now, honey! jes' dis once. Tell ye I can't leabe de cookin', no ways. Jes' tink how often I done tings fur yo'."

"Done tings fur me?" roared Jimmy, apparently rising "on his beam-ends." "Done tings fur me? Yes, an' yo'll do more yit, or I'll char yuh' o' dis place mighty quick, like you did out o' more 'n one afore. Fotch de water or go widout, I don't keer. Char out an' leabe me 'lone. Ye knows what I mean, an' yo' better min'."

Then there was dead silence, save for the satisfied grunt with which Jimmy settled himself down to his interrupted slumbers. If my slumbers had not been disturbed, too, I might have thought more of this little scene; but, as it was, an hour afterward I recalled it only as a vague and hazy dream.

"We will have a 'tipsy parson' for dessert, Elizabeth," I said one morning some weeks later.

Then, as 'Liz'bet only looked at me silently, with a gaze in which I fancied something imploring, I added:

"Don't you know how to make it. You must take that stale sponge-cake and soak it—"

"Yes, yes, missis, I knows," interrupted 'Liz'bet'. "I'se made it afo'. But—but—does missis tink it'll be good to-day? Such a hot day, honey!"

"Nonsense, Elizabeth," I cried. "Good? Of course it will be good. Hot weather is just the time for it."

"Yes, missie."

The voice was so sad and resigned that I looked at her in involuntary curiosity, but her face was bowed over her work, and my gaze fell only upon her gay turban. So leaving the wine upon the table, I left the kitchen.

Unless I had guests for the day, I always preferred waiting dinner until Gerald's return at five or six o'clock. Usually it was upon the table with the utmost promptitude, but to night we waited in vain for its appearance. At length I went to the kitchen to investigate the reason of the delay. There the air there reeked with odors of scorched soup, blackened meat, and burned vegetables. On the table stood the sponge-cake ready for soaking. Beside the table, upon the floor, lay scattered fragments of glass, which I recognized as the wreck of the bottle which had stood at the wine. Had 'Lizbet', having met, as was evident, with an accident, fled in terror before my anticipated wrath? Had Jimmy accompanied her? Had?—My doubts were interrupted by the sound of a heavy foot upon the back stairs. The door opened and Jimmy entered. He started at sight of me, but recovered himself instantly. I had no time to speak before his apologies and explanations poured out upon me.

"Berry sorry, missis. 'Pears like it's too bad, 'deed it does, but 'Liz'bet' tuk sick. I'se jes, been a-totin' her up to bed. An 'de dinner all spiled. Sho, now. Ain't dat too bad? An' missis hungry, I'll lay," cried Jimmy, as he bustled about, whipping off covers, opening ovens and inspecting pots and pans.

"What is the matter with Elizabeth, Jimmy?" I asked.

"Kin' oh fit, I reckon," said Jimmy, hesitatingly. "'en I come in I found her all ob a heap in de middle ob de flor. I jes' toted her up to bed. No, miss; better not go up. Mought do her harm to wake her. Had 'em afore. Law, yes, heaps o' times! Allers comes out 'em all right. Do'n' neber las' mo'n a night. Now, ef missis 'll go back to the parlor, I'll call her when dinner is dished up. 'Bout enough lef' yar to make right smart ob a meal yit. Ef missis hez any mo' wine, I kin made de kin' o' puddin' she wants—make it heap better dan 'Liz'bet'. I was steward on a steamer one time. Missis kin trust *me*."

"Really, Gerald," I said, as I told of the scene, "I do hope that Elizabeth does not have these fits often. I am growing very much attached to her, and it would be horribly inconvenient never to know whether she is to be depended upon or not."

"At all events you have a very efficient substitute in Jimmy," said Gerald, laughing, as he disposed of a good share of the dinner which Jimmy's exertions had saved.

I was most unpleasantly awakened early the next morning, by a sound which was strange in our domicile—a sound of blows. Then a voice—Jimmy's—with which mingled now and then a faint wail, as of some creature which can bear no more in silence. Springing from my bed, I rushed to the window, but nothing was visible.

"Jimmy!" I called sharply, and then again, "Jimmy!"

The last call was answered by Jimmy's appearance round the corner of the house.

"Jimmy!" I cried in horror, "was that you? Don't you know that we never allow an animal to be beaten like that? What was it?"

"T'wan't none o' yo' animals, missis," said Jimmy. "T'was a dog, yes, missis, that was it—a strange dog. Done got in in de night, he did, and—"

"Strange or not strange," I said; "I won't have anything beaten, so remember. How is Elizabeth?"

"Liz'bet's all right agin, now. Tole missis dess fits neber las' no mo'n one night. She's down and about agin, right peart. Won't hab 'noder fur consid'able ob a spell. One 's 'nough to las'."

Guests came that morning "to spend a good, long day." I had only time for a hasty rush to the kitchen, where 'Liz'bet was moving about busily and quietly as usual, but with a trifle more of stiffness in her gait.

"I am glad to see you about again, Elizabeth," I said. "Do you think you can get dinner to-day?"

I could not understand the gaze of mute reproach which she turned upon me.

"I'se got plenty o' inners fur missus," she said. "Don' see why she should ax me dat."

"I was only afraid that you might not feel well enough," I said. "Are you quite strong again?"

'Liz'bet looked at me quickly with eyes to which sudden tears had flashed.

"Bless yo' sweet heart, honey! Yes, I'se strong enough fur anyting," she said. "Nuffin hurts *me*—not fur long."

"You are lame," I said as she moved across the room. "Did you hurt yourself in your fall?"

'Liz'bet winced perceptibly.

"Yes, missis. Hurt myse'f a little—not much—nuffin of no 'count. Not half as much as I 'serve."

I was puzzled, but I could not stay to question her further, and I left her in full confidence that the dinner would prove (as it did) a complete success.

I watched 'Liz'bet closely for some days after that, but no more fits nor anything like them appeared, I gradually forgot my fears. September came, with its hot languid days, and its damp, heavy nights. The late peaches hung ripe and luscious amid their pointed leaves, and I began to consider how we should use them.

"I believe I will brandy a few," I said "They are so convenient to have in the house. Do you know how to brandy peaches, Elizabeth?"

'Liz'bet was silent, and, supposing that she had not heard me, I repeated my question. After a moment she raised her head and turned toward me her wistful eyes, shot through with a dumb terror and entreaty, none of which, however, escaped in her words.

"Kin I brandy peaches? O yes! I knows how to do it. S'pose I kin do it—ef missis wants it done."

I remembered afterward the curious emphasis upon the last phrase, but it failed to impress me then.

Somehow 'Liz'bet did not seem herself for some days after that. Her work was done as well as ever, however—her work and Jimmy's too. That worthy was developing more and more of his true character as the days went on, and the essence of it may be summed up in one word—laziness. As I have said before, it seemed to me to matter very little what was the division of labor. If 'Liz'bet chose to turn herself into a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, that Jimmy might be left to idleness, or to such light tasks as he did not specially object to, it made little impression upon me. What did seem strange to me, though, was 'Liz'bet's reverence for, and devotion to, her good-for-nothing husband. Reverence and devotion? it was a trembling awe and a slavish subjection, requited only with jeers and contempt. Now, when 'Liz'bet went about the house with her said, resigned, brooding air, I judged that there had been some fresh trouble between her and Jimmy, and held my peace.

On the day when the peaches were to be brandied 'Liz'bet came to me, as I was busy over an intricate piece of work.

"Please, missis," she said, hesitatingly. "Please, missis, will you come down w'ile I does de peaches?"

"Oh, I can't possibly, Elizabeth," I cried. "Besides, what is the use? I can trust you."

'Liz'bet, looking in no wise elated by my confidence, still hesitated, twisting her long, black fingers together in an embarrassed way.

"Missis bery good to say so," she said, slowly; "but 'pears like I can't trus' myse'f. If missis only would come down and watch, tings would go a heap better."

"But I can't, I really can't," I said. This work must be done at once. Besides, it wouldn't do the least good if I did."

"Missis doesn't know dat," said 'Liz'bet, but she turned away with a sigh and went down stairs.

An hour or so afterwards I remembered some directions which I had meant to give, and was obliged to go down after all.

"Elizabeth is making those peaches frightfully strong," was my first thought, as a waft of brandy greeted me when I pushed open the door.

The next minute I stopped aghast. The peaches, in their syrup, stood upon the table, boiled to exactly the right point, but stone cold. On the floor, in the middle of the room, lay a black, huddled heap. It was 'Liz'bet.

"Another fit," was my first thought, but in an instant I saw the empty brandy bottle clutched in her hand, and perceived that it was around her the odor of brandy hovered. I staggered back, unable at first to believe the evidence of my senses, but gradually, bit by bit, as memory pieced together the fragments of the past, I saw the whole—saw a new meaning in Jimmy's taunts and snars, saw why she had so earnestly entreated me to come to the kitchen that morning. Pity and disgust struggled in my breast. Which would have won I cannot say had not Jimmy at that moment appeared. His bland smile changed to a ferocious scowl as his eyes fell upon the prostrate figure at my feet.

"At de old tricks agin, I swar!" he muttered with a side glance at me, and a movement of the heavy cow-hide boot, full of brutal meaning.

"Jimmy!" I cried, catching his arm, "you shall not! I will not have it! Carry her up to bed and leave her there, but strike or kick her at your peril."

Jimmy looked at me in blank, stolid wonder.

"Dere ain't nuffin else'll do her any good," he said. "I'se done all I could to stop her, but she'll drink w'en she kin git it. She don' us'ne'n nice good places, an' I s'pose you-uns'll sen' us off, too, now."

A dark frown and a spasmodic movement of his boot finished the sentence, but he took 'Liz'bet up according to my directions and carried her up stairs. As for me, I went back to my own room in tears—tears of pity and disgust and disappointment—until Gerald came home. He listened to my story and then sat silently, evidently thinking the situation over.

"We can do nothing, at all events, until morning," he said at last. "Elizabeth will be in her right mind then, and—"

Just then the dinner-bell rang and we went out, to find that Jimmy had catered for us as deftly as 'Liz'bet herself could have done.

"Upon my word," said Gerald, as he drained the last drop of fragrant coffee, "such a dinner as this is a potent argument in favor of chastity, whether Jimmy meant it as such or not."

"Gerald!" I cried, "you don't mean—"

"I mean nothing at present," said Gerald, and rose from the table in a way which I knew meant that the subject was to drop.

How I dreaded the interview of the next day, even though supported by the presence of Gerald, who had decided to let business take care of itself for once. How I pitied poor 'Liz'bet, who crept about weighed down by her burden of shame and remorse! How I detested Jimmy, who never failed to bestow upon her a frown, a sneer, or even a sly cuff, whenever he fancied himself unobserved! At last 'Liz'bet appeared, according to orders, at the parlor door. If she had been white, she would have been deathly pale. As it was, her black skin had taken on a livid, ashy hue, infinitely more ghastly. Her head was bent, and her trembling fingers fumbled nervously with the hem of her checked apron, as she stood silently before us.

"Come in, Elitabeth, and shut the door," said Gerald, in a voice which was curiously gentle, even for him.

'Liz'bet's face worked, but she obeyed wishout a word.

"Elizabeth," said Gerard, "I was sorry to hear what I did about you yesterday. We had learned to like you, to trust you, and now—"

'Liz'bet's hands had stolen up before her face, and the tears trickled through her fingers, as Gerald began. Now she let them fall heavily and hopelessly at her side.

"Now," she said, "I s'pose yo' gwine sen' us off—me an' Jimmy."

Gerald hesitated, with a perplexed expression.

"I really don't know," he said. "It is your first fault."

"*Not* de fust," she interrupted, under her breath; but Gerald went on.

"The second, then—only the second in four months of faithful service. Why do you do it, Elizabeth? Why—"

He stopped suddenly, for she had fallen upon her knees, her black hands outstretched, the tears falling like rain over her dusky cheeks.

"I could n' help it, Mas'r Gerald; 'fore de Lord, I could n' help it! I knowed how 't would be. I begged misses to stay an' watch, an' w'en she would n't I fout, yes, I fout long an' hard, 'fore I gib in. But dere was de liquor, wid de smell a-curlin' up so soft and sweet, an' dere was I wid a ragin', tearin' debbil inside ob me, an', 'fore I knowed it, it was gone. O Mas'r Lish! O missis! Yo' dunno w'at it is—no, yo' do n't! To see it, an' smell it, an' hanle it, an' go mad for it—ravin', tearin' mad, 'till yo' dunno w'at yo've a-doin', or a-sayin', or a-feelin'. I'se tried an' tried to help it, 'till I was all beat out a-tryin', but 'twan't no use. Den I says to Jimmy, says I, 'Le's we try de kintry. Mebbe I'll be better w'en I'se w'ar I can's git de stuff noways.' So dat we come yere, an' you-uns took us in, an' I done tink de good Lord sent us yere. 'Peared like I didn't feel de same burnin' an' tearin' no longer, an' I thought mebbe 'twar gone for good. An' den come de tipsy parson' an' den I knowed 'twan't gone at all. But made me feel clar discouraged all t'rough. Jimmy he beat me fur dat spree. Jimmy's a good man, he is. Don't nebber drink, an' he hasn't no patience wid me. 'Tain't to be 'spected he would. He does all he kin to stop me, but it's too many fur him. An' now—now I'se los' him dis las' place too, an' it's all my fault—all, all!"

The black hands were spread before her face again, only sobs—deep, heavy, desolate—broke the silence that fell upon us. Gerald and I looked at each other. Then—I did not mean to do it, but it seemed as if a force beyond my will moved me—I was upon my knees beside her, with her hands in mine, and my streaming eyes fixed upon her anguished face.

"We will *not* send you away, Elizabeth!" I cried, "you poor, faithful, struggling, suffering creature! You shall stay where you are safe. We will not send you to your rum. We will watch over you; we will help you; we will pray for you!"

Solemnly Gerald's voice broke the silence, calling on Him who never turned away from the penitent sufferer to look down upon our sister in this the day of her bitter anguish; to strengthen and help her, to strengthen and help us, that our faith and charity might not fail until she should be redeemed from her grievous infirmity. 'Liz'bet's voice, choked with sobs, joined ours in the final "amen," and, as she rose from her knees, she said:

"'Pears like pra'rs do mo' good dan beatin's a'ter all. 'Pears like I could swim t'rough a sea o' brandy an' nebber open my mouf to let in a drop a'ter dem ar words."

"What about Jimmy?" I asked, after 'Liz'bet had gone.

Gerald made a face. It was not a dignified thing to do, but he did it.

"If we keep Elizabeth I suppose we must keep him too," he said.

"One comfort is that he cannot make her do his work any longer by threats of betraying her to us if she doesn't."

Then I told Gerald what I had heard from my window in the summer, and agreed that, on the whole and in spite of every thing, we must consider 'Liz'bet's character the more estimable of the two.

One last scene, and I have done. The mince-pie season was at hand. I remembered 'Liz'bet's entreaties at the time of the brandy-peaches, and did not need a renewal of them to induce me to watch over her. Liquors of any kind were seldom used in our house, but mince-pie without brandy seemed, in the light of tradition, almost an impossibility. I uncorked the bottle while 'Liz'bet prepared the mince-meat for the reception of the liquid. Suddenly something attracted my eyes to her face. Shall I ever forget what I saw there? The tense lips were drawn back from the white teeth, the nostrils dilated and quivering, the eyes wild and eager. It was the look of a tiger who snuffs afar the scent of human blood. For an instant I gazed at her, spell-bound with horror. Then I turned with a sudden impulse, and dashing the bottle into the sink with a crash that shivered it to atoms, I hurled over the pail of water, and watched the mingled liquids filter away with a grim satisfaction. When I turned again to 'Liz'bet her eyes had lost their eager glare, and were fixed upon me with a gaze of questioning wonder.

"Not a drop of it shall ever come into the house again," I said. "I will not lay a straw in your path to make the task harder for you."

"De Lord bress you, missis! And he will," cried 'Liz'bet, fervently. "It's de fust time, de berry fust, dat de debbil tuk a-hoit o' me sence Mas'r Lish prayed. He's done gone now—scart off fur good, I reckon."

"You'll have to make up your mind to temperance mince pies, or go without, Gerald," I said that evening.

Then I told him of the scene of the morning, and, then and there, we both resolved that never, while the world stands, would we risk seeing upon any human face under our roof the look that I had seen that morning upon 'Liz'bet's.

I can only say that we have never had cause to regret the part we took. Jimmy has found his life a somewhat less easy one since that day. His good nature has been somewhat overshadowed since the painful necessity of doing his own work fell upon him. On the whole, however, it seems to agree with him, and it certainly does with 'Liz'bet.

Humor.

For the Blade.

SALLY ANN JONES PAPERS.

The Boys Follow Cleveland's Example in Going Fishing on Sunday, and Then Have a Scrap, a la Messrs. Cobb and Laird.

After I had that trouble over trying to organize a woman's rights club, I thought I would make myself scarce in political affairs, but I have lately been thinking that I should like to be President of the United States of America for one term, just to show folks that there are a few things in this government that need more vetoes than the pension bills. I think that if a few good, sensible old women were in Congress they would set a better example for the rising generation than there is being set for them by the learned statesmen that are at the head of affairs at the present time.

If I were President, I wouldn't go fishing on Sunday, anyway. Almost all boys from Cain down to the last boy born, have a few streaks of natural depravity running through their nature, and some boys, of course, have more streaks than others; and the more of these unfortunate streaks a boy has, the more he is depreciated by the influence of some of our great men. Most of the boys of our neighborhood have for some months belonged to what they called, the "Statesmen's club." They met every Thursday evening, and discussed questions pertaining to the good of the country, such as the tariff, the labor problem, Mormonism, the liquor traffic, etc.

I have always encouraged these meetings, for it is but natural for a mother to try to do the best she can for her children, and I have been terribly worried about our Jacob. He is too lazy to ever be a successful farmer, his intellect will never do for a lawyer, and his morals will never do for a preacher; so I thought if he could learn enough about political affairs and practice talking about them till he could get to be a pretty good stump speaker, he might some day get to be a congressman, or maybe even be elected President. But, alas! I am afraid that even that hope is a failure, for the Statesmen's club is disbanded, and after what has occurred, I don't think the parents of the boys will allow them to reorganize; and anyway, I should be afraid to allow Jacob to attend any more of their meetings, lest his future should be settled by an appointment to the penitentiary for manslaughter, or a sentence to the gallows for wilful murder. The trouble came about in this way: Last Sunday Jacob started off as if he was going to church, and I supposed he had gone there, for I had a severe headache and stayed at home. The next Thursday night Jacob went to the Statesman's club, and the next morning he looked like he had fallen into the barrel in kraut-making time, and had been pounded with the oblong bung in the middle. I couldn't find out anything from Jacob, only that he had a fight with Leonidas Brown the night before, but in the course of the day I found out all about it.

Before the meeting was called to order, some of the boys told Jacob that Leonidas said that he had only come to the club house to get some books and papers that belonged to him, for his mother said that he couldn't belong to a club with Jake Jones or any of his crowd. She never had liked for him to associate with them, and now that she had found out that they went off on a fishing spree last Sunday, instead of going to church, he should associate with them no longer.

"It's none of your mother's business where I go," says Jacob. "Maybe she don't know that Pres. Cleveland goes fishing on Sunday. I guess if she did, she'd follow the fashion, like she wanted Sophronia to do about getting married. Your mother is a meddling old simpleton, anyhow."

"You're a liar!" says Leonidas.

"Gentlemen," says Jacob, "we are here to learn to be statesmen; so let us be gentlemanly and settle this quarrel in a statesmanlike manner. Leonidas can represent Mr. Cobb, of Indiana, and I will represent Mr. Laird, of Nebraska."

And with that he struck Leonidas a blow on the nose with his fist. The blood spurted out and Leonidas began to cry, and a general uproar followed.

Leonidas Brown's father happened to be passing just then, and hearing the racket, he rushed in with his wagon whip, and like that Illinois representative, attempted a settlement of the difficulty, but he hadn't learned his part of the play as well as Jacob had learned his, or else he concluded that only a slight change in the programme would have a better effect on the spectators. At any rate instead of trying to reason with Jacob, he used his whip vigorously, and that was how Jacob got so badly beaten.

SALLY ANN JONES.

P. S.—I thought that crest and motto in the BLADE looked so nice, that I wish you would, hereafter, put my crest and motto at the head of all my letters that you publish. When we selected our mottoes, I wanted something characteristic, and as I have spent the greater part of my married life following around after Jeremiah, and driving stock through gates that he has left open, I chose for my picture an open gate, Jeremiah vanishing in the distance, and myself driving a lot of pigs through the gate. My motto is, "Put 'em through."

S. A. J.

The General Manager and the Wheel-Tapper.

"I can tell you a little story about the late S. S. Merrill," said a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul official to the Train teller; "Merrill, you know, was our general manager, and as good a railway man as ever lived. It was his habit to watch everything and everybody. If a section hand did not tamp a tie into place in just the right way, Merrill corrected him. If he saw a coupling-pin lying by the side of the track he made a row about it for somebody. One day he stood on the station platform at Milwaukee watching the wheel-tapper trying the wheels in one of the coaches. The tapper was an old Irishman, and Merrill said to him:

"'Why don't you hit the wheel harder? You can't tell with such a tap as that whether the wheel is cracked or not.'

"The old man looked up and replied:

"'What the hot place is it your business, I'd like to know?'

"Merrill smiled and walked away. He was too generous a man to take offense at a little thing like that. But another employe who had overheard the conversation asked Pat if he knew who the man was he'd been talking to. 'Of course Pat didn't know, 'an he didn't want to know, either, be jabers.'

"'That's S. S. Merrill, the genereral manager,' said the employe.

"'Merrill! The general manager!' exclaimed Pat, now thoroughly frightened; 'great heavens, an' what have I done? I must polygize.'

"And away he went after Merrill, hat in hand, and bowing and scraping before the general manager.

"'I begs your pardon, Mr. Merrill,' says Pat, 'but I don't know yez. There's so many domned fools axes me questions that I thought ye must be wan of thim.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

Mourning Cards.

The other day a very dainty young woman dressed in black, with a mourning veil—not too mourning, just about enough mourning—so draped as to set off her shapely head and neck to advantage, entered a large stationery store and said sweetly to a clerk behind the counter:

"Do you have all kinds of mourning cards?"

"Yes'm; we have the cards, and can get them engraved for you."

"Oh, I don't want the kind they get engraved—I want playing cards, you know."

"Mourning playing cards!"

"Why, yes; don't you think they would be real nice and tasty?"

The clerk was obliged to confess that the trade hadn't yet reached the point of supplying playing cards with mourning borders for bereaved lovers of whist and draw poker, and the lady left the store visibly disappointed.

A California Gal.

Around the shapely 28-inch waist was a pink satin belt supporting a red, white and blue sash. From right shoulder to left hip was a garland of marigolds twined with green ribbon, ending in an elaborate bow largely mixed with lavender silk. Around the neck was a cascade of black chenille, while the hat, swathed in pink mull, had four red feathers drooping limply in the 90 degrees of weather. Coarse brown and white stockings and clumsy slippers with red bows and gilt buckles graced her not diminutive feet.

That Delicious Odor.

It was in a railway car. I sat just behind two fleshy ladies, who looked happy and well fed. They leaned back in their seat, embodiments of comfort, and conversed fely. It was dark as pitch outside. Presently, as is not infrequently the case when the train is moving through the wood, the cars collided with a polecat, and the odor came in strong and pungent. I recognized the source at once, and heard with wonder one of the ladies exclaim: "I smell coffee! We must be passing a restaurant."

"How delicious!" replied the other, taking a long sniff of the scented air. As the aroma was left behind I mentally queried at what fashionable eating house can the coffee smell like that?

How He Got Along with Her.

An old-time citizen of Palmer, Mass., had a perfect virago for a wife, but managed to live with her very amicably. Being asked once how he did it, he replied: "I have no trouble. When she says 'yes,' I say yes. When she says it is cold, I say, 'yes, mother, it is cold.' Often she woke me up in dark and stormy nights and would say: 'Just see how bright the moon and stars are.' I always said 'yes.' She would then turn over perfectly satisfied, go to sleep, and be happy."

Miscellany.

A GRANGER FLEECED.

A New Variation on the Old, Old Swindle.

"There ain't no show in this country no more for an honest man," said an ill-natured passenger, who looked like a farmer. "The durned rogues are running the country now, and honest folks haven't got a show for their white alley. What's the matter with me? Cranky? Not a bit of it, stranger, an' if you was me you'd be a-hollerin', too. Your growlin's could be heard all over a ten acre lot.

"No, I don't mind telling you what's the matter with me. You see, I own a nice farm down the country here apiece—'bout the best farm in our deestrict, if I do say it myself—and lots of people have tried to buy it. My price has allus been too high for 'em, though, an' nobody took it. Well, one day last week a stranger came along an' said he wanted to buy a right smart farm, an' had been recommended to me. He looked the place all over, inquired about the water an' the crops an' everything, studied over it an hour or two, tried to beat me down on my figure, an' finally accepted my terms. Then he gave me $50 to bind the bargain an' went away, sayin' he had to go to the city, and would be back again in a few days to close up the bargain. The very next day another man came along and wanted to buy the place. He looked it all over, and said it just struck his fancy. 'I don't care for money,' says he; 'this is the place I want, and I'll give you $500 more than the other man offered you, if you'll let me have it. Come around in a few days,' said I, 'an' I'll see what I can do for you.' 'Here's $25,' says he, 'just to show you that I'm in earnest.'

"Of course, I wanted that extra $500 if I could get it honorably, an' so when the first man came back a few days later I told him I had concluded not to sell, an' offered him his money. But he wouldn't take it, an' insisted on my livin' up to the contract. 'I hear you've got another offer,' says he, 'and I see why you don't want to sell to me. The other fellow is crazy to get the place, but I'm ahead of him, an' you must live up to your contract or I'll make trouble. Here's your receipt and agreement,' I saw he had me, an' offered him $50 an' his money back to give up the bargain. He refused it. Then I offered him a hundred. Still he refused. I kept on raisin' him till I made it $300, and shook the money under his nose. Then he weakened, took the $300 and his own $25 back, gave me the receipt an' went away.

"This was a pretty good bonus, but I felt good, all the same. 'I'm $200 ahead anyhow,' says I, 'an $200 ain't made every day on a farm.'"

"Good stroke of financiering on your part, wasn't it?"

"Yes. The only trouble about it was, I never heard of the second purchaser again. The two scoundrels was workin' the racket together."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Lovers' Quarrel.

"Then you will not waltz with me," and his face suddenly took on a dark look.

"I can not, Clarence," she said in a half whisper. She was probably running short on whispers, and didn't care to waste any whole ones where halves would do just as well.

"And I tell you proud gyurl that ere the electric light man shall turn the stop-cock which shall leave his gay ball room in utter, dismal darkness, you shall waltz with me."

A quarter of an hour later found him striding restlessly to and fro on the balcony. He had been a sprinter in his earlier days, and was therefore thoroughly competent as a strider.

"So, so!" he muttered. "So, so! I have a rival." He suddenly paused. He thought he had heard some one say "Chestnut," but it was only the fantasy of an over-heated brain. Clarence was becoming very careless about over-heating his brain. Rash and impetuous as he was, he never stopped to think that he might want to use it. "Yet I was hasty," he mused. "I will go back and recall my harsh words."

She was sitting motionless where he had left her.

"Clarence," she said between her sobs—a kind of a sob-sandwich, as it were—"why did you not let me explain?"

"Tell me, then, why you bluffed me thus?" and he became suddenly severe as the memory of his cruel wrong was revived.

"I could not waltz with you."

"Why not?"

"I have a 2x3 bunion."

"Darling," he said, "forgive me. I will make every reparation in my power. Which would you rather have, ice cream or lemonade?"

Wisdom of Our Successors.

A little child once asked this pertinent question: "Mother, what part of heaven do people go to who are good, but not agreeable?"

A three-year-old discovered a neighbor's hens scratching in the garden. In a most indignant tone she repeated to her mother that the hens from next door were "wiping their feet on our grass."

"Isn't God bigger than all the world?" said little Charlie to his father, who carelessly replied: "O, yes." "Well, he's big enough to lick a policeman, any way!" was the further comment of the young theologian.

A Hartford lady recently sought to instruct her little grandchild in relation to the provident care of Heaven. "Who gives you your daily bread?" she asked. "Dod," replied the child, "but Uncle John puts the butter and sugar on."

Tommy (who has just received a severe scolding)—"Am I really so bad, mamma?" Mamma—"Yes, Tommy, you are a very bad boy." Tommy (reflectively)—"Well, anyway, mamma, I think you ought to be real darn glad I ain't twins!"

A little city maiden on a visit to her uncle's farm saw a threshing machine in operation for the first time. "Oh, mamma!" cried she, rushing into the house all out of breath, "there's something out in Uncle Joe's barn with two horses in it, and they keep going and going and never get anywhere."

They Would Die Together.

"Now, my darling," said he, "I would ask you to have some oysters to-night, but since the Rs have disappeared from the months oysters are not good; in fact, the scientists say they are hurtful. Of course you would not ask me to treat you to anything hurtful."

"Certainly not, dear John, but there is ice-cream, you know."

"I'm aware of it, but they say that arsenic goes into the manufacture of ice-cream."

"Ah! the better, dear John. There is nothing better for the complexion than arsenic."

"But, my love —"

"Never mind, John, I'm willing to risk it."

"But if you should die, darling?"

"You will take a plate also and we will die together."

Then John was forced to confess that he had only 15 cents in his pocket, and the engagement was at an end.

Thus do the dark clouds loom up on young love's horizon.

A Warm Night.

"Very warm to-night," remarked a policeman, as he sauntered into the kitchen of a St. Paul residence, acting very much as though a frequent caller.

"You're right, sir," exclaimed the maid in replying to her cousin's remark. "It do strike me that the nights up here are not as cool as they used to be."

"Faith and you're not far wrong," continued the wearer of blue, as he squared himself in front of a table and began to eat his lunch. "It keeps on getting warmer and warmer all the toime."

"Pass that cream," said the policeman. "Why the nights are getting so bastely hot that us officers on the night bates have to wal

Recent Literature.

Perhaps there has never been a man so long and so constantly before the public who has been less severely criticised than Schuyler Colfax. Courageous in his honest beliefs, true to his convictions of right, never hesitating to declare them before the world, however much opposition he felt they might provoke, he yet had a magnetic power of winning the hearts of men, which made him friends where most would have found enemies. So firm was the national confidence in his truth and integrity that an absolute wail of anguish went up when a cloud threatened to settle down to obscure them forever.

The volume which has just been issued by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, entitled "Life of Schuyler Colfax," by O. J. Hollister, presents a clear, impartial view of the career of this noble man, written, evidently, with a sincere affection and admiration for the subject, but entirely without prejudice. The author states that he has found the story of Mr. Colfax's life more fascinating than any romance, and he has made his impression of it enter into the narration, for whoever begins to read will find it hard to pause before reaching the close of the last page. It is without question one of the very best biographies that has ever appeared of Mr. Colfax, and it will bring him back most vividly to the people who loved and admired him so heartily. The details given of his early boyhood, and as a young man, prefigured his later years, so full of usefulness and of honor. The binding and typography are neat and appropriate

One of the most intensely interesting chapters in the book is that in regard to the Credit Mobilier transaction, which so shocked and harrowed the whole country. It is a clear, distinct statement of Mr. Colfax's connection with it, and is a complete and thorough exculpation of all evil, either in intention or action, on his part in the matter. Of course the facts have been before the public before, but they are here arranged and condensed in a way to place the whole subject in such a bearings, with out prejudice for the reader. The book is charmingly written, as it should be, to accord with the subject.

"A Moonlight Boy," by E. W. Howe, is a story that will take everybody by surprise, because it is so different in plot and in style from anything written by the author before. The two works that have preceded this one had a vein of melancholy running through them which became absolute pathos in some parts. The impression given was always that the writer saw the pathetic side of life, and rarely any of the sunshine. The present story is in another vein entirely. In fact it is a running satire upon many of the habits of thought and action of to-day, with here and there touches of both humor and pathos. The description of one of the peculiarities of his adopted father, Tibby Cole will give an idea of the style:

The hero was called a moonlight boy, because he was found in a basket upon Mr. and Mrs. Cole's doorsteps one moonlight when he was a baby, only a few months old. The story describes his life as a boy, the supposed discovery of his real parents who were rich people in New York, his life with them, his training in a newspaper office, and the subsequent denouement with regard to his identity.

The book is well worth a reading and shows that the author has a versatile talent which is exceedingly unexpected to everybody. It is published by Ticknor & Company, Boston.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, issue a novel by Edna Lyall, another of "Donovan," etc., entitled "Won by Waiting." The scene of the story is laid, in the beginning, in France, and it traces the fortune of two children, a boy and a girl, the last remaining scions of a noble house which has been followed by disaster, though not by dishonor. The plot is a good one, full of variety and incident—many of the characteristics of the authors's works are reproduced here,—the analysis of character, and its gradual development in the movement of the story, the looking upon both sides of any question and the broad human tenderness and originality of the conceptions. There is a good deal of vigor and of earnestness through the whole from beginning to end, though no character that stands out so decidedly as "Donovan" in his former work. The book is worth reading.

From O. Judd & Co., New York, comes a useful little book, entitled "How to Handle and Educate Vicious Horses." In addition to this information about horses, which forms the body of the work, are hints on the training and health of dogs. The book is by Oscar R. Gleason, who has won a reputation by his ability in training and educating horses, and he has embodied his methods in this little work. It is clear in manner that any one can acquire the art of mastering this noble animal. The book is well illustrated.

"The American Salmon Fisherman," by Henry P. Wells, and published by Harper & Brothers, New York, is a book upon a subject about which the author writes with a practical, instead of a theoretical knowledge. The object of the work is to give the amateur a good, clear idea of where the best sport of this kind is to be obtained—which is made very plain by the map which accompanies the text—and of all the materials necessary to give him success. The best time of the year and the day is shown, and the mode of procedure. Altogether it is a most valuable work for the ambitious beginner in salmon fishing, and the expert will be likely to find a good many things of interest.

Number 23 of Cassell's National Library is the play of "Hamlet," given in good, clear type. The lover of Shakespere's melancholy Dane will find here a cheap and pleasant copy for study. Price, 10 cents. Cassell & Company, New York.

The *Magazine of Art* for August contains "The Rapid Spey," by Francis Watt; "A Florentine Wedding," by Julia Cartwright; "Dionysus's Seafaring," by Andrew Lang; "Raphael," by Claude Phillips; "Animals in Decoration," by W. J. Nettleship; "Inquests and Commissions," by J. P. Broadhurst; "A Memory," by W. E. Henley and J. Fullerlove, jr.; "A Group of Colorists," by Chas. DeKay, "The Pictorial Arts of Japan," "The Golden Wedding," by W. H. Hakins and "The Academy and M. Rodin," by Paul Leroi. Cassell & Company, New York, $3.50 a year.

"The Art Amateur" for July contains a very attractive colored plate of yellow roses by Julia Dillon, decorations for a fruit plate (cherry blossoms), and half a dozen pages of designs for embroidery and brass hammering, outline sketches and monograms. The London and New York picture exhibitions receive special attention; the valuable articles on sketching from nature, water color painting and flower painting in oils, are continued, and there is another of the suggestive "talks with Amanda," this time on "tone." Published by Montague Marks, Union Square, New York.

The August *Atlantic* is an extremely good number. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett contributes a clever story called "The Two Browns," and Octave Thanet has a very amusing sketch about "Six Visions of St. Augustine." The three most notable articles of the number are a paper on "Domestic Economy in the Colonial Society," by David Dodge; a paper on "The Indian Country in Arizona," by Robert K. Evans; and an essay on "The Benefits of Superstition," by Agnes Repplier. Andrew Hedbrooke has an essay on "Individual Continuity." Miss Edith M. Thomas contributes a poem to the memory of Helen Hunt Jackson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.

Cassell's *Family Magazine* for August has a frontispiece, "Love's Bright Dream," a very pretty engraving. The serials keep up in interest to what has preceded. The family doctor talks about the "Voice" and "How to Keep It in Health." The short story by Catherine Owens, entitled "Mary Holt's Engagement," a chat upon "Dress," and several other articles that are excellent. The number is a good one. Cassell & Company, New York.

The *Art Interchange* never fails to give pleasure and profit to its patrons. The number for July 17 is full of good things: The study given in this number of dogwood blossoms is very fine. There is also a supplement containing a design for painting upon matting. The answers to notes and queries are full and interesting. This magazine has done much for art home work, and that being its especial province, and it has been entirely successful. Published by Wm. Whitlock, 39 West 22nd street, New York. $3 a year.

One of the best papers for the home is *Good Cheer*, which is issued monthly at Greenfield, Mass., and is edited by the talented writer, Kate Upson Clark. The stories and poetry are always excellent and by some of the best writers in the country, while the departments are invariably good. It is published at the low price of 50 cents a year.

The *Woman's Magazine* for July has many good things to tempt the readers. "My Mother and I," by Frances E. Willard; "A New Name," by Eleanor W. F. Bates; "A Fruitful Jam," by Annie L. Jack; "What a Wife Should Be," by Effie Lamton, are among them, and there are many others. The magazine must be a welcome visitor in many homes. Published at Brattleboro, Vt.; $1 a year.

The July number of the *Library Journal* has several articles of great interest, and will be read with eagerness by all book lovers. This is the official organ of the American Library association, and therefore possesses authority. Published in New York.

Literary Notes.

D. Lothrop & Co. will publish at once a choice illustrated edition of Paul H. Hayne's complete works.

Mr. F. Darwin's work on his father, Charles Darwin, will include a fragment of autobiography.

T. Fisher Unwin, London, announces a novel by Mme. Louise M. Richter, entitled "Melita." The plot is chiefly laid in Turkey, and deals with both English and Ottoman life in Constantinople.

Hachette & Co., Paris, have just issued the supplement to the fifth edition of Vapereau's "Dictionaire des Contemporains," containing information brought down to February 15, 1886.

To-Morrow is the title of a new monthly magazine which is to be the official organ of the "B'nai Berith." The editor is Hon. B. F. Peixotto, who was for many years United States consul to Roumania and France. It is published at 39 Broadway, New York.

Don Ferdinand, of Portugal, who lately died, has left a curious library, composed exclusively of 6,000 books and pamphlets seized by the authorities in the various states of Europe during the last quarter of a century.

Mr. John D. Ross has been engaged for some years on a work which is now in the press, entitled "Celebrated Songs of Scotland." It will embrace 700 of the most popular songs from King James V to Henry Scott Riddell, with memoirs of the writers, notes, glossary, and a complete index.

Robert Carter & Bros. announce three new books by the famous Baptist preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon "All of Greece: An earnest word with those who are seeking salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ;" "Storm Signals;" and the third volume of "Sermon-Notes—Matthew to Acts."

Thomas N. Page, the author of two able stories—"Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady," the latter of which appeared in the *Century* only a few months ago—is a lawyer residing at Richmond. He is 33 years old, says the New York *Times*, and a descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He has on hand two or three short stories which have not yet been published. After they are published he will collect the four or five tales for issue in volume form. He has of late been engaged upon a larger work than any of these.

"The folly of the craze for rare books, merely because they are rare, seldom has a more curious illustration," says the N. Y. *Examiner*, "than in this little story. A copy of Dicken's 'Strange Gentleman,' one of the rarest of his productions, was recently bought by a small bookseller in England for 3d. By him it was sold for 15s. to a young man, who afterwards in his turn disposing of the book to another person for £1. This last knew the value of his prize, and, in spite of its being imperfect, resold the volume for £5 to a well-known firm of booksellers, who now want somewhere about £12 for it. A perfect copy is worth £20. It is quite a small pamphlet, and has been reprinted—without the frontispiece."

SIGHTING A STEAMER.

How the People Are Notified of the Arrival of an Expected Steamer.

Brooklyn Eagle.

When we read in the *Eagle* that the Aurania was sighted off Fire Island at 3 o'clock, how many persons know how that piece of information was obtained, or realize the importance of such news? It means that the vessel has been seen six hours before she will land her passengers in New York, thus giving abundant opportunity for people to be there to prepare for the arrival of their friends. A person in Philadelphia or Albany receiving this information can reach New York and be at the steamer's dock before the gangplank is thrown out. It is only within seven years that observations have been taken from Fire Island, and only within the past year that people have been proper facilities for making such observations Heretofore the public have had no intimation of the arrival of an incoming steamer until she was sighted off Sandy Hook, allowing, if the tide was favorable, only two or three hours' notice to New York city. The Fire Island station is said to be the longest distance observatory in the world, as it certainly is in this country. The institution was started and is run by the Western Union Telegraph company, but its success is due to one man, Mr. F. Keegan, the operator. There is probably no other man in America who can fill his position to-day. When he takes a leave of absence, which is seldom, the observatory is closed, the company having no man they would dare trust to make observations. It may at first thought appear singular that such is the fact, but consider a moment: The tracks of the ocean steamers on an average are thirteen miles from the observatory. At that distance the outlines of a vessel are very indistinct, except in very clear weather, and at times the untrained eye can hardly distinguish any object whatever. Then think of the large number of vessels to be recognized and their names correctly reported, for their must be no mistakes. It will not do for Mr. Keegan to telegraph to New York that the Aurania is coming when it is the Servia, for see how many people would be disappointed, how many dinners prepared for guests who would not arrive, how many hacks hired to no purpose and what confusion all round! Mr. Keegan, therefore, must not make a mistake, and he rarely does. But how can he know all of these ships?

A young man recently applied to the superintendent of the Western Union Company for the position of assistant to Mr. Keegan, stating that he understood the business thoroughly. The superintendent asked him how he would distinguish one steamer from another on Fire Island?

"I would read her name by using the telescope," was the reply.

"If you could not make out the name what would you do?"

"I would take a boat and row out to the vessel."

"In that event it would only be a matter of time which reached the shore first, the man's body or the boat," said Mr. Keegan, when the incident was related to him.

Only once has Mr. Keegan been able to read the name of a vessel passing his station, and that was a few years ago when the Kensington came within three miles of the shore. Mr. Keegan has never been on board of one of the European steamers, and he says if he was to see one passing through the Narrows he does not believe he could tell the name, so accustomed has he become to distinguish vessels at long distances. He would tell the name of a vessel quicker by seeing her masts and smokestack eighteen miles from Fire Island than by seeing her hull, deck, and rigging from Fort Hamilton. Seeing so much of the hull, he said, would throw him off his reckoning. Some years ago this gentleman came to Fire Island, and began to make his observations from the cupola of the Pavilion Hotel, which was connected by wire and cable to New York. So successful was his work, and it became of so much value to the shipping world, that last year a substantial observatory, sixty feet high, costing over $4,000, was erected back of the hotel, and about the shore on the ocean side of the island. Here Mr. Keegan lives with his family the year round and in quarters that are very comfortable and pleasant in summer, but lonesome in winter. However, Fire Island lighthouse and life-saving station are near by. Mr. Keegan is an intelligent man, as may readily be imagined by a glance at the class of books in his room which he makes his companions during his long vigils. He is, of course, greatly aided in his work by knowing when to expect certain steamers, but it often happens that two steamers of the same line are reported about the same time, and then his knowledge of minute details come into play. For instance, on one smokestack of the Servia is a square white mark, while on other steamers of the Cunarders the mark is oblong. Certain vessels carry their bowsills in a peculiar manner and others have heavy rigging. One steamer has a derrick in a certain place, and there are a hundred other distinguishing marks to the trained observer. By careful observation Mr. Keegan has noted all these details. Each line has its own course. From one port boils in the lookout room at a certain angle he watches for a steamer of the Guion line, and from another port hole the Inman, and so on.

Ladies

Who use SOZODONT have only to open their lips to prove its excellence. Their white, gleaming, spotless teeth, and fragrant breath will tell the story. There is more demand for this wholesome and unexceptionable preparation than for any other dentifrice in the market.

THE ANTI-SALOON MOVEMENT.

The Elvest and Most Important Discussion Now Going On.

New York Mail and Express.

The livest topic of discussion by the better class of Republican papers—and the topic which is by far the most important—is that which has been started by the large, comprehensive and practical, but decisive, programme of party action that is proposed by those who favor the swiftly-growing movement for an "Anti-Saloon Republican" conference in Chicago, on the 14th of next September. It is fortunate that a discussion of a movement involving so many weighty considerations and needed to be conducted with thoughtfulness, deliberation and earnestness, should have been brought formally before the Republicans of the country at a time when the dullness of ordinary politics, the absence of exciting events and the midsummer leisure for reading and thought, favor a concentration of attention and afford opportunity for the full interchange of views between Republican leaders and newspapers.

We have taken great pleasure in presenting to our readers the suggestions and opinions of a considerable number of thoroughly representative Republican newspapers on a movement which has in it a greater possibility of reawakening the enthusiasm of the best and most unselfish elements of the party than any issues that have been presented to it since the Republican doctrines as to human rights and impartial suffrage were embodied in constitutional amendments. The discussion which has been conducted by so many of our able and independent Republican contemporaries with such conscientiousness, with such a keen perception of the signs of the times and with such clear convictions as to the duty and opportunity of Republicans as to the temperance issues, has been the only one recently running through the newspapers that has possessed great "contemporaneous human interest," for Republicans, at least. And in the gradual growth and development of the Republican sentiments and opinions on the vital and overwhelming temperance issues, as shown by our presentation of the views of a large number of the best Republican newspapers, thoughtful readers will find, what they seldom do in press opinions, the making of a movement destined to become historical by great events and most momentous consequences.

In the way of keeping our readers informed as to the spread of the ideas and sentiments that are vital to success of the "Anti-Saloon Republican" movement, we call attention to-day to the decided expressions of our exceedingly independent, frank and energetic Republican contemporary, the Poughkeepsie *Eagle*, which has paid especial attention to the relations of the temperance issues to the Republican party. It states undeniable facts, when it says:

The only party that is free to act is the Republican party, and the only side that it can take in the controversy is the side of Temperance. There is no other open to it, and the only alternative is a passive one that can not be. One side is an attitude of assumed indifference and an attempt to please both sides, that would be as unrepublican as it would be disastrous. The Republican party is not "in alliance with the rum power," as the third party men say, nor could it form such alliance if it were so foolish as to desire it, because the rum power has already chosen its ally. More and more of the votes that power controls are transferred to the Democracy every year, and when the conflict upon the liquor question comes to close quarters they will all go.

The question for Republicans to decide" continues the *Eagle*, "putting it upon the lowest plane, is whether they will let these go and replace them by taking such a stand that Temperance voters will come to them; or will try to keep the declining favor of the liquor interest and so lose both. We hope for discrimination, firmness of the Republican party, and, therefore, we wish to see it take a decided stand and place itself in the front of the great popular movement that is surely about to take place, where it will receive the support of men of principle because it will deserve it."

Our Poughkeepsie contemporary recognizes the fact that "the men who are trying to organize a separate party in the name of Prohibition are pursuing a phantom." And, for this reason, "while they are getting ready their machinery, and long years before they can bring it to a practical working basis, can effect anything, the Republican party can finish the work and its ability to do this carries with it the obligation. It ought to do it, and we hope and believe it will."

We also find a long, elaborate and thoughtful editorial in the Fall River *News*, which is influential not only in Boston as in the rest of the New England states, the most sagacious friends of temperance and the wisest Republicans are equally becoming convinced that the hope of actual achievements in the way of temperance reform and the retention of the most earnest temperance men in the Republican ranks depend on the success of the sensible and practical, while yet radical and decisive, "Anti-Saloon Republican" movement. The closing paragraph of the emphatic endorsement of this movement by our Fall River contemporary is vigorous and timely, viz.:

Having long controlled the Democratic party and made it subservient to its interests, the rum power is now organizing a like control over the Republican party. Its tactics are those of counter-organization, and Republican principles made too radical for the saloonists' acceptance. Let him go where he belongs, into the ranks of the Democratic party, if he insists on degrading Republicanism to the level of the grogshop. For every saloonist driven from the Republican ranks by a declaration of hostility to the rum oligarchy ten honest and conscientious recruits will take his place, and thousands of the party who have been induced to temporarily connect themselves with the Prohibition party, whose only successes are in the election of Democratic rum candidates, will rejoin with alacrity to the old standard, with "anti-saloon" inscribed upon it.

These two honest and earnest expressions of Republican sentiment, in this state and in Rhode Island, are in the same line with those we have quoted, and we shall be glad to see from such strong Republican and temperance papers as the New York *Tribune*, the Boston *Journal*, *Advertiser* and *Traveller*, the Worcester *Spy*, the Burlington, Vermont *Free Press* and Rutland *Herald*, the Springfield, Mass., *Union*, the Albany *Evening Journal*, Syracuse *Journal*, Cleveland *Leader*, Kingston *Freeman*, and many others that we might mention.

100 Doses One Dollar

Is inseparably connected with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and is true of no other medicine. It is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy, while thousands testify to its superior blood-purifying and strengthening qualities. A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses and will last a month, while others will average to last not over a week. Hence, for economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Luck of Sen. Jones.

The San Francisco correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says of Sen. John P. Jones's vicissitudes and subsequent enterprises:

It seemed as though everything which Jones touched brought disaster on him, and six years ago he was living on the fragments of his once princely fortune, regarded in much the same light as Jim Keene is looked upon now by the men whom he once worried in Wall street corners. But about six years ago Jones invested a small amount in the Treadwell mine in Douglass Island, near Juneau, Alaska. Some prospectors returned from that frozen territory with specimens of the great richness of quartz rock on the island and the unparalleled size of lode.

They were met with incredulity and their story was generally regarded as the wildest exaggeration. They interested a manufacturer of mine machinery and he furnished a small mill, while Jones and a few others chipped in a few thousand dollars for the outfit. It was not over a year before the mine began to pay as never mine has paid before on this coast. It was bonafide mining too, as the stock was not for sale, and there was no speculation in Pine street on the strength of the dividends. Every month during the working season but less than $150,000 in gold was sent down to this city, and it is estimated that Jones's revenue from this source, once despised as a wild-cat venture, has not fallen below $200,000 a year for five years.

—Recognizing the superior excellence of the St. Louis Magazine, we have arranged to furnish it with the WEEKLY BLADE at the low price of $1.75 per year for both publications, the Magazine, under its large and improved condition, being $1.50 alone. Sample copy of Magazine and set of beautiful gold colored push cards sent to any one for 10 cents. Address C. J. Gilmoor, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Had a Right to Laugh.

"Hello, Charley! What's up? Never saw you looking so jolly and happy."

"My best girl just got married."

"Got married! Why, man, is that anything to be gay and festive over? You ought to be in the last stages of melancholy."

"That's all right. You see I'm the fellow she married. I'll take a little syrup in mine."

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It is curious what an influence upon people some little expressive movement or pose will have, when not a word is spoken. Sometimes it is marvelous. In a Cincinnati library is a statue of Silence. It stands with finger upon the lips, and the effect upon those whose eyes fall upon it is always to stop conversation, no matter how interesting it may be. The gesture set in marble has more power than a spoken caution could possibly have. The story is told of a man who laid a wager that he could collect a crowd within fifteen minutes upon the corner of Broadway without speaking a word. He won it, and can you guess how? By simply standing and gazing intently heavenward, oblivious to all passers-by. In a few minutes there were more than a hundred persons all looking up into the blue azure, vainly trying to see the something unusual which they supposed he had discovered. And the funny part of it was that they would not give it up until he turned and walked onward, when one after another dropped their eyes, and silently stole away.

It is all very well to laugh about people's being superstitious, but all the same there is scarcely an individual who has not some pet idea which might be placed in that class, to which he may not like to confess, but which holds sway over him nevertheless. For instance, many of you have heard of the prosperous merchant who believed that his fortune would depart from him should he cease to patronize an old apple woman on a certain corner. Perhaps some of the BLADE readers can recall persons who were sure that a special dream always foreboded evil; others who would stay at home, if obliged to go back for any purpose three times; and others still who are certain they are going to have trouble with some one if they spill salt. And so one might go on *ad infinitum*, which only goes to prove, as some one says, "that a superstition or two are as natural to a human being as are those sparks of vanity which we refuse to acknowledge, but which, after all, help to keep us alive."

A CURIOUS vagary of Fashion is that pertaining to decollete dresses. Last winter the corsage seemed to be in danger of diminishing to a simple band around the waist, and the exposure was carried to such an extent as to arouse at last a strong sentiment against it, among many of the society people. Now, this summer, high military collars are in vogue, which are often made of many thicknesses in order to give the required stiffness for standing, and these are worn, no matter to what height the mercury creeps up. If the style will extend over the winter, it will be a good thing. The fact is, good sense or health considerations have little to do with Fashion's decrees, but her devotees follow her blindly all the same.

Is she pretty? Is he handsome? These are the first questions asked in regard to a stranger introduced into a social circle. It simply shows what a high rank physical perfections take in the estimation of mankind. The divinity of the human face and form has been the subject of the poet and sculptor ever since those arts were known. Men are much more likely to be attracted and fascinated by beauty than by all mental and moral qualities combined. In fact these are usually secondary considerations. Women are less influenced by mere good looks,—though they have their power,—but the strong man wins their admiration, and the highest strength is possible as a rule, only to those who are physically well-formed. A man may have a comparatively homely face, and yet be a pertect hero among the fair sex. This admiration of beauty and strength is simply an instinct of nature and therefore not to be despised, even though it does sometimes seem to turn lives awry. It certainly forms the strongest reason for the cultivation of health, and therefore physical perfection among the masses, in order that future generations may be strong and beautiful.

"I'LL tell you what such heat is *not* good for," remarks a pretty woman with an exasperated air. "It is simply death to curls and frizzes, no matter how carefully they are cared for. There's another advantage men have over women. They can wear their hair pushed off their foreheads, or shaved down until their heads look like a closely cropped lawn, and it is all right. Nobody questions their right to wear their hair as they please, but let us make our appearance in any such comfortable guise, and what a howl would go up. I verily believe I spend time enough in hot weather in bringing my locks into proper array, to equal the reign of Queen Anne. It is enough to induce profanity in a saint to get all beautifully curled, and sail out upon Summit street, with a serene consciousness of looking one's best, and then suddenly be brought face to face with a mirror, and discover that your curls have become a most unbecoming, straggling bang." It is a hard thing to be a woman in hot weather.

IT has been asserted that the number of absent-minded people is increasing constantly, and it does seem so. Walking the street daily, and in favor of all an unusual thing to pass acquaintance—a business man it may be, but quite as often a woman—and receive not the slightest recognition. The dreamy look in the eyes which may gaze directly into yours, shows that there is an entire lack of consciousness of your individual presence. You are only one of the many who are moving along There is not the slightest intention of giving offense, although it is sometimes hard to make the non-recognized believe so. A very good rule for anybody to observe under such circumstances, is to cast about for a possible reason for such a lack of courtesy, and if there be none, put it down to absent-mindedness. Life is too short to waste any anger for rudeness which was not intended. Time enough to resent the offense when it is proved to be purposely given.

THE New York *Sun* has coined a new word from the Greek—"megalomania"—which it applies to a disease which we fancy is very prevalent. It is the mania for greatness, the delusion of surprising excellence or power. There is no doubt, as the *Sun* says, that our insane asylums are full of the victims of megalomania. The delusion of personal greatness takes the form of a particular hallucination, and the sufferer is hence a megalomaniac. But the *Sun* differentiates between single megalomania, where there is but one predominant insane idea, and diseases this alleged disease in the general form. In this case, megalomania is a very common affliction, and recognized easily by all. In vulgar parlance, it is contemptuously termed "big head," "swelled head," etc., and applied to a man who has an exaggerated idea of his own importance in the world.

THE victim of this very common malady upon which so ponderous a name has been bestowed, may be a pigmy in stature, but he struts as if he had the physical proportions of a well-built man. He may be ugly enough "to make a pig squeal," as the saying is, yet he believes himself an Adonis in point of fashion and the symmetry of form." He may never have had an original idea in his life, yet he sets himself up for a Sir Oracle, and goes about getting off stale, second-hand ideas which he fondly imagines are the concentrated essence of the wisdom of the ages. He may be morally as sinful as man can be, yet he looks upon his faults as but the amiable peccadilloes of a great man. When he takes a trip of a dozen miles, he is restless until he is sure some luckless reporter has gotten his outgoing chronicled in print. If he happens to be the editor of a purely local paper of a couple of thousand circulation, he imagines he is moulding the destinies of the nation. If he has a hobby, it is a thing which, in his opinion, all men should reverence.

IT is with some hesitancy that the Salad-mixer goes on to illustrate the workings of megalomania among the fairer half of creation. But a stern sense of duty impels him—if the truth must be told, they are all megalomaniacs! Proof? Certainly! Who ever saw a woman who did not think very highly of some one or more of her physical charms? Her face may be plain, but in her heart of hearts she cherishes the opinion that she is a beauty. By perchance, she has her eyes opened to the hopeless ugliness of her face, she consoles herself with her beautiful eyes, or her magnificent suit of hair, or her pretty ankle, or other physical perfection which are visible only in the sanctity of her own apartment. Alas! The ladies are megalomaniacs! But, bless their hearts, the stormer sex would not have them different if they could!

AND, after all, if a girl is plain, it is to her credit. Beg pardon—but listen to the explanation. It is a remarkable fact, but is an invariable rule that the girls who figure in sensational newspaper articles are always described as "beautiful" or "pretty." Did you ever notice it? Just keep the run of the dailies for a week and see if this is not so. Some morose, disappointed old bachelor has kept count of one hundred elopements, escapades and scandals, and finds that there is not a plain girl or woman on the list. He found that 79 were described as "young and beautiful," 13 as "beautiful," and 8 as "occupying a high social position." Of course a reporter would not lie about a little thing like that, and coin a fiction of beauty, youth or social standing, meto rely add interest to his story. Hence the plain girls are a credit to their class, and are the ones to tie to.

IT is a fixed conclusion—or delusion, if you prefer it—of the masculine mind, that one woman never will concede beauty to another. The reason is not far to seek. Men are conscious of their own fallings, and can not bear the obvious superiority of the feminine half of the world in most things in the realm of manners and morals. Hence they enjoy the fiction of the selfishness and vanity of women. In truth there are many women who do acknowledge the charms of other women. And there are some, at least, who as heartily admire beauty of face or figure, or charms of mind or manner, as frankly and admiringly as any young man of marrying age ever did. Here let a hint be dropped: How many men do you know who are willing to acknowledge, without qualification, without a single "if" or "but," that another man is really handsome, or has a fine figure, or is mentally above his fellows? Human nature is the same, independent of the accident of sex.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address F. Hisoox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. Beware of fraudulent imitators.

THE "WORLD'S EIGHTH WONDER"

Lost Forever Through the Terrific Eruption of Tarawera, in New Zealand.

The scene of the appalling catastrophe in New Zealand in June is in the interior of North island, about 160 miles southeast from the city of Auckland. This is a large district, full of lakes, hot springs, geysers and extinct or semi-active volcanoes, and in it were the famous Pink and White Terraces, the "Eighth Wonder," which were waterfalls of silica, deposited by the overflow of boiling springs. The geysers of the region were equalled only by those of the Yellowstone. On the east side of the hot lake district rose the volcanic mountain Tarawera, 2,690 feet above the sea. We condense some interesting facts about this strange region from Mr. Froude's late volume, "Oceana."

The chief place of the district is the Maori village of Ohinemutu, on lake Rotoma, 28 miles from the Terraces. There are town hotels here and a primitive Maori village of something over a hundred families. In all directions round the lake steam arises from boiling springs, alkaline, siliceous, sulphuretted and violently acid, bursting out where they please through the crust of the soil. You walk one day on firm ground, where the next you find a bubbling hole, and if you unwarily step into it, your foot will be of no further service to you. These springs are all round the lake, which is itself tepid, under the lake and on the island of Mokoia. Among the trees across the lake a tall column of steam ascends; this arises from a gorge where a sulphurous, foul-smelling liquid, black as Acheron, bubbles and spouts its filthy mud eternally. The condition of things all about suggests the alarming nearness of the burning regions.

The Maori settlement was once large here. The natives use the springs for cooking fish, boiling cabbages, and washing themselves and their clothes. The native remnant left own the district as a village commune, and rent it to the government. On this income they live like ladies and gentlemen, doing no work, passing half the time in the tepid water, swimming in the lake or lying like pigs in the hot pools. These springs are charged with great medical virtues, and Mr. Froude said the neighborhood would become the Baden of New Zealand. The Maori here, once the noblest of the savage races, are utterly idle, effeminate and demoralized. Civilization has done for them; half-caste children are running about, chastity before marriage is unknown, degeneration could hardly be carried further. This is the place that Mr. Froude expects to be the chief sanitary section of the South Sea English, an enormous cockney watering place.

The way from Ohinemutu to the Terraces lies through the mountains to a native village which is a subsidiary station, Wairon on Lake Tarawera, and thence by boat. Sporting geysers are in sight, dense forests are penetrated, and Wairoa is reached. This little village is on a stream between two dirty-green, unsunny lakes, and is 1,000 feet with a fall of two hundred feet. Far below the town, the river, winding through wooded banks, empties into Lake Tarawera. The inhabitants were all out leafing and lying about, and swarms of children assailed travelers, clamoring for pence and for baths. Here, to show the way the Froude party their native dances, for a complete dance, complete with its indecencies, which they said gentlemen usually preferred, the charge was 31. 10s. The money for this disgraceful performance is always spent in a drunken orgie. Mr. Froude described the performance, base as it was, with no wish to teach the poor savages the blessings of civilization.

The guides to the Terraces across the lake were women, who officiate also as bathing women in the hot pools at the Terraces. The tourists landed at the mouth of a small stream flowing into the lake at the arm of the lake, a pretty place overhung by precipitous cliffs, and a hot spring bubbles near. Climbing up through the bush half a mile, the river was reached again, around in a rickety course, and the White Terrace was in sight. It was a "crystal staircase, glittering and shining as if it were just varnished," flowing out like an open fan from a point above us on the hillside, and projecting at the bottom into a lake, where it is perhaps two hundred yards wide. The summit was concealed behind the volumes of steam rising out of the boiling fountain, from which the siliceous steam proceeded. The terraces are about twenty in number, the height of each being six or seven feet.

The floors dividing them were horizontal as if laid out with a spirit level. They were of uneven breadth, 20, 30, 50 feet, or even more; each step down being perpendicular, and all forming arcs of a circle of which the crater was the center. On reaching the lake the silica flowed away into the water, where it lay in a sheet half submerged, like ice at the bottom of a river. There was nothing in the fall of the ground to account for the regularity of the shape. A crater has been opened through the rock 120 feet above the lake. The water which comes boiling up from below, is charged as heavily as it will bear with silicic acid. The silica crystallizes as it is exposed to the air. The water sometimes ceases to flow over the hardened surface, continually adding a fresh coating to the deposits already laid down. The process is a rapid one; a piece of newspaper left behind by a recent visitor was already as stiff as the starched collar of a shirt. Mr. Froude thought the cessation of the naturally recurring. In the middle of the terrace were the remains of a Tatten bush, standing where a small patch of soil was yet uncovered. "The crystallization is ice-like, and the phenomenon, except for the alternate horizontal and vertical arrangement of the deposited sheets, would be unknown to any northern region when a severe frost suddenly seizes hold of a waterfall before snow has fallen and buried it."

Above the terrace was a horrible chasm, boiling with sulphorous vapor, columns of steam rose everywhere, there was a noise like the blast pipe of a steam engine, great pools seethed like gigantic sauce pans, heat, noise and smell were intolerable. It seemed to be the neighborhood of the Nether Pit. The lake below the terrace was green and hot—a temperature of 100°. The silica floor at the water-side was hot—"a mere skim between us and Gosytus." Across the lake was the Pink Terrace. It was like the other except that it was warmer, and flushed with a pink color. Oxide of iron is said to be the cause. After a bath in a pool of the temperature of 95°, which made Mr. Froude fancy himself back in the days when he did not know he had a body, he ascended to the crater, which was not boiling like that at the White Terrace, the temperature being twenty degrees lower. Instead of steam a light transparent vapor hovered over the surface, now and then blown out by the wind. "We could stand on the brim and gaze as through an opening in the earth into an azure infinity beyond. Down and down, and fainter and softer as they wended, the crystals projected from the rocky walls over the abyss, till they seemed to dissolve not into darkness but into light. The hue of the water was something which I had never seen, and shall never see again on this side the eternity. Not the violet, not the hare-bell, nearest in its tint to heaven of all nature's flowers; not sapphire, not the unfathomable ather itself could convey to one who had had not looked on it a sense of that supernatural lovelinness. Comparison could only suggest such inutable purity. The only color I ever saw in sky or on earth in the least resembling the aspect of this extraordinary pool was the flame of burning sulphur."

The late catastrophe has utterly destroyed these wonderful Terraces. Mount Tarawera is riven in sunder, the whole region is torn to pieces, and most of it is buried under five feet of clay mud. Some say the calamity is a judgment on the inhabitants, like that which befell Sodom.

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A Plea For Union.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—For what did we fight? We fought for the Union. We all remember how we were divided as Unionists and Secessionists. The patriotism of the Union man was broad and national; the patriotism of the Secessionist was sectional and local. It was on this line that we fought it out. Slavery was the great moral and providential occasion; but nationality was the great issue at stake. It was to find out whether or not, we had a government that had the right to maintain its own existence. And the results of that contest was the decision that we are a Nation, and have a government that has the power of self-preservation, and against which a secession ordinance is treason.

Now then, when Jeff Davis or any other man, attempts to revive the doctrine of secession by re-athirming his miserable state sovereignty doctrine, which was the seed that breeded the rebellion, is he not talking treason? I affirm that he is, and he should be dealt with accordingly. Free speech is a glorious thing and all right in the legitimate discussion of public questions, but when treason, arson and assassination are advocated, it is time for the choking process to commence.

I wish every young man in this broad country, North and South, would read the clear, logical discussion of Abraham Lincoln on the doctrine of state sovereignty and secession, in his message to the 37th Congress; that memorable extra session of 1861. If it were not too long for the space that the editor would allow me, I would like to make a few extracts. But I would hardly know what to select as the best argument, and should have to copy it entire. It would be a good thing for the BLADE to print fot the benefit of our young men; and it would be a good text to be read on Decoration Day, the same as we read the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July.

Jeff Davis sent a message to the Confederate Congress, in which he pretended to review Mr. Lincoln's message, but he made no attempt to censure his sound arguments. It was all whine and simper and a bundle of traitor's lies.

Let the South build monuments for their heroes if they will, for braver men never f

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in every case, or questions specially requested will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Questions for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau, and contain not more than three questions, be put ask a question and then pretend to answer it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. If we cannot answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions intended to be of general interest, and no one will be SURE to SEE HIS REPLY. Do not request answer by postal card.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Keith County, Nebraska.

In answer to a request for a descriptive letter from Keith county, Neb., R. A. Fadel, of Dallas, Tex., has to say:

It will be remembered that only a few years ago all the territory lying between the Missouri river on the east and extending to the Rocky mountains on the west was unanimously termed "the great American desert," but time has wrought many changes during the last few years. New ideas have been entertained, and judgment has been used in determining the worth of this wonderful country. Much of this territory may well be termed "the garden of the world." In my opinion, the best government lands to be obtained under the various laws provided for the settlement of the great West and Northwestern border of this "golden state" I am referring to unoccupied territory and the chase of relinquishments. A place to be desired in this respect is quite difficult to find. A healthy, thus bringing brighter prospects for continued and permanent growth lies in this part of the west than in the county of Keith. The wild red man of the plains has ceased to inhabit this fertile region, and the wild roaming herds of buffalo of which we read so much about now ceases to exist.

Every essential element for profitable stock raising is found here. I refer especially to the territory lying between the sandy land of the North and South Platte, and not to the United States. These rivers, with their small tributaries, furnish an ample supply of pure water, which is very essential to profitable stock raising. The prairie is covered with abundant growth of buffalo grass. The "blue stem" and other grasses common to make its appearance, and the time is not far distant when the cattle will fatten upon these hills as well as they will in any part of the state. He was a soldier in the war of 1861, from Alabama and was called "Old Reliable" by his men. He made a good record during the war, and became well known throughout the state. He died in Louisville, January 22, 1870.

Confiscation Act—Expunging Resolutions —The Trent Affair.

O. K., Moorefield, O.:

Please explain the confiscation act of 1862. 2. The Alabama claims of 1837. 3. The Geneva award and Trent affair.

1. Every person committing treason shall suffer death, and his slaves be made free; or, at the discretion of the court, imprisoned not less than five years, and fined not less than $10,000, and his slaves be made free, the fine to be collected out of any property except slaves. The act did not affect persons guilty of treason before its passage, but they might be convicted under it. The President was directed to seize the property of all the rebel civil and military officers, and also of any person who, owning property in any loyal state or territory, should assist or give aid and comfort to rebels; and all sales, transfers and conveyances of any such property were declared null and void. Section

DO YOU KNOW

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF SODA is a matchless Remedy for Consumption in every Stage of the Disease. For Coughs, Colds, Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh, Want of Appetite, and all forms of General Debility, it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. Ask for the genuine WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. Price $1 per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO.,
No. 18 Dey St., N. Y.

It appears, from the proceedings in the case of the unlucky RASSUERS, that there is a peculiar provision of our treaty with Mexico, which necessitated a revision. It is, that in the case of a citizen of the United States committed in states or territories of Mexico bordering on the frontier as may be necessary for the purpose duly authorized by the said government of the said frontier states, the authority of the chief civil authority thereof, or as a judicial authorities of the districts adjoining, shall be sufficient to issue such orders and warrants for the arrest of the accused person over to the officers of the other nation into the hands of the United States judge, as was done with poor RASSUERS. It is too grave a responsibility to be left to a petty official. The governor of a state or territory should be the only one charged with such power over life and liberty.

THE learned head of the geological survey of Pennsylvania, Prof. C——, is much excited the people in the natural gas region about Pittsburg by predicting the natural gas supply will exhaust itself after a time. He bases his prediction upon the theory that the amount of accumulated gas is being drawn out faster than it is supplied from the unknown laboratory in the earth's interior. It is obvious that while this seems probable, it is mere guess work, after all, because the mooted question is entirely unknown. If in a few years be true that natural gas is the product of decomposition, for instance which is burning inside of the earth and which breaks out in the form of volcanoes, then Prof. CARLL'S prediction may be verified, but it is safe to say, will come to naught.

THE new law passed in Massachusetts for the settlement of strikes has been put in effect, the governor having appointed the two members who act with the third, the latter to be the chairman of this State board of Arbitration and Conciliation. Of course there is nothing to say about this matter, as submission, or decisions is purely voluntary, but the legislative approval of the principle of arbitration, and provides a non-political tribunal to bring matters in dispute to settlement, if the parties so agree, is in fact, a step in advance toward the successful settlement of difficulties arising between employers and employed.

THE President has nominated CHARLES JENKS, formerly assistant secretary of the Interior department, to be Solicitor. JENKS, who retired from the Interior department ostensibly to take charge of his huge estate in Pennsylvania, is said to have stood to have retired because of his friendship of SPARKS. The selection of JENKS is considered rather unfavorable in view of the case to set aside the BELL patents. JENKS is understood to have given belief, in the opinion prepared while assistant secretary of the Interior, that he was no collusion in obtaining the patent.

THE liquor question is looming its head above all other issues. Over 200 Western Republicans, representing thirty states, held an important conference at Chicago the other day. A resolution was adopted that the question of the regulation of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors should be submitted to a vote of the people. In the coming campaign a legislature and four Congressmen are to be elected.

THE Maine Democrats nominated a Union soldier, Col. C. S. EDWARDS, for candidate for governor, and had his name on the date's record, however, shows up him. He is charged under oath with having offensive speeches against soldiers' organizations, notably the meeting of the Grand Army, whom he described as "political bummers," etc.

HUBERT O. THOMPSON, the dead hand of the New York "county" Democracy, the facile servant of WM. C. WHITNEY, his death gives the boom of the Democratic magnate for the Presidency a vehement eye.

THE trouble in Oklahoma promises to break out afresh, and a serious time is expected before those illegally settling on these lands are ejected by the government.

Correspondence

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

What They Say When They Writ Blade.

EDITOR BLADE:—I notice in a recent issue of the BLADE a poem entitled "The Drunkard's Wife." The above title is far from the object that this poem was originally designed to represent, as will be felt, as a complete and lamentable picture of the mentally suffered in that sad night of storm and snow, that a correction should be made. My uncle, Harvey Blake, was not a drunkard, nor the man who perished a drunkard's wife, nor child a drunkard's child. The story in principal facts, is as follows: In the winter of 1873 I believe it was in the winter of that Mr. H. G. Blake, with his wife and babe, undertook to cross the Greenstone mountains from York State to Arlington. Having reached the foot of the mountain about night, he inquired of the landlord if it would be safe to cross the mountain that night. He was informed that he could go over in three hours, he said. After traveling several miles there came up one of those mountain storms which sweep over these hills, enveloping every its white folds, drifting the roads, hiding them in its fury, in the gloom and recess of the forest, far away from help.

In this extremity Mr. Blake left his wife and child in the sleigh and pressed forward on foot in search of help, and each other by calling at intervals. Finally he came to a house, and which is the top of a wheel in rapid motion? The brain is so much slower in action than the velocity of a wheel in rapid motion that the human mind is left to fall into the error of making a foolish question. There is practically no top nor bottom to a wheel in rapid motion no more than there is an end to a ring. Which is the top and which is the bottom of a balance wheel on a stationary wheel in rapid motion? The intellect of man is too slow to determine. There is a compound or double motion to a wheel of a carriage running on the street. Now, if the top of the wheel moves as fast as the bottom would it get left. The hub of the forward wheels revolves faster than the hub of the hind wheels, but does not move forward any faster, as the coupling bars connecting them testify. It is merely a technical quibble, a chimera, a delusion that befogs the brain of some so-called scientific minds, "which are much more ludicrous than sciences."

Horace Greeley on Protection.

Reader, Colorado, Pa.:

Horace Greeley was in the Bureau for Horace Greeley's speech in favor of a protective tariff in his debate with Samuel J. Tilden in New York—and

Clement gave it entire. Following are extracts from them:

"I will suppose that the manufactures of the country amount in value to $100,000,000 annum, and those of Great Britain to $300,000,000. Let us suppose also that under a different policy the profits of labor here were 50 per cent, cheaper than those of England, so that our own markets are supplied out of men, from the home products. But at the end of three years (1843) we should find that one-third of women manufacturers have been protected long enough to enable them by the ought now to go alone, repeal absolutely and forever, and consent our great interests thereafter to be left to be guided by the British. Now, in every time, the British manufacturers, on making up the account and review of their year's business, find that they have manufactured goods, selling these $300,000,000 worth just as cheap as in the preceding year, with a surplus on hand of $20,000,000 worth just These are to be sold, and their net proceeds will constitute the interest on their capital and the profit on their year's business. But if they shall find it to be wholly or partially shut out from their established foreign markets, they will be either glut and depress those markets, causing a serious decline of prices, and a heavy loss to the manufacturer of this country, but not to them. They know by experience that they cannot afford to sell their next year's business. They know by experience than to do any such thing. Instead of it, they will say: Here is the American market, which has been open to us by a repeal of the tariff. Let us hasten thither our goods and sell it for what it will fetch." They ship it over accordingly, and in two or three weeks it is rattling off and through our auction stores at prices 30 per cent. below cost. Our manufacturers are ruined, and their establishments closed. The soil is very rich and fertile, and the climate is very healthful, which has brought the principal drawback to this country, has been the want of good roads, which is now being remedied. The battle which we receive from our summer's labor is quite gratifying to us, especially to the farmers in this community, that, corn, wheat and rye, which we raised in such quantities to succeed, while the potato crop was a failure, and the yield of cotton was splendid. The low bottom land is of a rich, sandy loam, but the high elevated table land is said to be a superior quality; but this so far remains to be proved on the low lands from 15 to 20 feet in depth, but on the table lands it is not found, and we are quite fortunate if we procure this wholesome article at the depth of 100 to 150 feet. In order to go for water, but the bounty of the soil is this, when we reach the desired article, we have a never failing fountain of pure water, free from the impurities of surface drainage.

Oneida, the county seat of Keith, is beautifully located on the north bank of the South Platte. The main line of the Union Pacific passes through this little village, which will have a population of over 900, while two years ago it was merely a stopping point. The growing town supports two newspapers, the Keith County Courant and Oneida Herald, and is rapidly from $4 to $10 per acre, while business lots range from $200 to $2,000 each. Timber seems to grow remarkably well, and a number of people will build a home and place on every quarter section. Native timber is very scarce along the streams, cottonwood and willow being the only trees worthy of selection. Black walnut promises to be the principal timber of the future, as it is already in fine growing condition, last fall's planting standing over fourteen inches high. which is conclusive evidence that it will do well here. The people in this part of the state are doing well, and we look forward to an abundant harvest.

Moths—George D. Prentice.

S. B., Shelvidere, O.:

1. Is it true that fur coming to marry each other in California? 2. What will destroy the clothes moth? 3. Give a sketch of George D. Prentice.

1. Think not. 2. Moths deposit their eggs in the early spring. This, therefore, is the time to put away furs and woolens for the summer. It is not the moths, but the maggot of the moth that does the mischief with furs and woolens. To effectually preserve them from the ravages of the moth, they should be carefully beat the furs with a thin rattan, air them for several hours, then carefully comb them with a clean comb, wrap them up in newspapers, perfectly tight, and put in a strong box, which should be lined first with tin, or cedar wood. Take them out and examine them in the sun at least once a month, thoroughly beating them. This, indeed, is the secret of their preservation from the moth. Camphor, which is so much used to preserve furs, impairs their beauty by turning them light. The printing ink on the newspapers is just as effectual as camphor, being very offensive to the moth. The above method may also be adopted to preserve feathers and all kinds of woolen clothing, matting, of course, the omitting; camphor may be sprinkled among the same.

3. He was born at Preston, Conn., December 18, 1802. Such was his early ripeness of intellect that he was principal of a public school before he was 15. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1823, but did not engage in practice; became editor of a literary journal at Hartford, which he conducted two years. Removing to Louisville, Ky., he began in November, 1830, the Louisville Journal, in which he won a high and widespread reputation for political ability and for wit and satire. For many years a leading advocate of the policy of the Whig party, it maintained during the rebellion, with signal power and brilliancy, the cause of the Union against the secessionists. Specimens of his verse are to be found in several collections of American poetry, but do not think they have ever been gathered into a volume. A selection of his humorous poetry was published under the title of "Prenticeana," in 1860. He also wrote a life of Henry Clay. He died in Louisville, January 22, 1870.

Confiscation Act—Expunging Resolutions —The Trent Affair.

O. K., Moorefield, O.:

Please explain the confiscation act of 1862. 2. The Alabama claims of 1837. 3. The Geneva award and Trent affair.

1. Every person committing treason shall suffer death, and his slaves be made free; or, at the discretion of the court, imprisoned not less than five years, and fined not less than $10,000, and his slaves be made free, the fine to be collected out of any property except slaves. The act did not affect persons guilty of treason before its passage, but they might be convicted under it. The President was directed to seize the property of all the rebel civil and military officers, and also of any person who, owning

Miscellaneous.

D. H. R., Stanhope, Ia.: The number of Mormons was given by the census of 1880 as 110,377.

Will the hundreds of inquirers about books please write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.? It seems necessary to repeat this every week.

S. C. H., Coleman, Mich.: Huckleberry is either a corruption of the other name of the fruit, whortleberry, or else it is derived from the German word puckelberry.

DAN, Black Oak, Ala.: The head of Lake Superior is 600 feet above the level of the sea; that of Lake Michigan about 578 feet, and Huron the same; of Erie 559 feet; of Ontario 226 feet; so that the fall from the head to the foot of the great chain of lakes, including a fall of 90 in Lake Ontario, is 464 feet.

O. S., Hiawatha, Kan.:

Please give the vote in the Senate on the Mexican pension bill.

The vote was not furnished by the Associated Press report, and we have no copy of the Congressional Record of that date. Perhaps your member of Congress can furnish you the information.

A. L. W., Imdale, Kan.:

1. Was the Apostle Paul ever married? 2. What is the meaning of the words "Plumed Knight" as it refers to Blaine? 3. Was Jerusalem the capital at the time of Christ's ministry on earth?

1. Cannot find any record of such an event. 2. This was Ingersoll's description of Mr. Blaine, meaning a brave and chivalrous leader. 3. Yes; in the year 8 "Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and at the temple sat in the midst of the teachers of the law, both hearing them and asking them questions."

F. W., Ianthe, Mo.: A generation is a single step or stage in the succession of natural descent. A father being reckoned as of the first generation, his grandchildren are of the third, and his great-grandchildren of the fourth generation.

J. A. F., Junction City, Kan.: State laws apply to the collection of debts, including newspaper accounts. It has been decided in several instances that when a newspaper is taken from the postoffice the receiver becomes responsible to the publisher, and when a paper has been returned to the office of publication by the postmaster no money can be collected after that time.

D. R., Estil, Mo.: The assumption of Bible commentators is that Cain's wife was one of his sisters. It is supposed that the family of Adam was considerably increased between the dates given by the Biblical narrative for the births of Abel and Seth. Cain's fear lest he should be murdered in return for the murder which he had committed implies the existence of a considerable population, probably made up of his brothers and sisters.

H. H. S., Biggsville, Ill.:

Please give history and feats of Blondin, the man who crossed Niagara Falls on a rope.

He was born in France about 1830. In 1855 he was engaged by Niblo to perform with the Ravel troupe in New York, and was subsequently part proprietor of a circus. June 30, 1859, he accomplished the wonderful feat of crossing Niagara Falls on a tight-rope, and afterwards performed feats still more astounding.

R. M. K., Red Cliff, Col.:

1. Can a lady having a husband living prempt a piece of land? 2. What was the date of the Custer massacre?

1. No. June 25, 1876.

N. E. L., Harrisonburg, Va.:

When did the reign of the present sovereign of Great Britain begin, and what is her full royal title?

Ascended the throne June 20, 1837; crowned June 28, 1838; married February 10, 1840; widow December 14, 1861; Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India.

J. W. W., no postoffice:

Will you please state the circumstances in which it is claimed by some that Stephen A. Douglas made a three-hour speech in defense of Andrew Jackson for insubordination?

Cannot find any account of it. If he made such a speech it must have been before he entered Congress. Douglas was born April 23, 1813; he was defeated for Congress in 1838 by five votes, out of a total vote of 36,000, and was elected in the same district, in 1841, by 4,000 majority. He had previously held important offices, however, being elected a member of the Illinois legislature before he was 22 years of age.

M. G. A., Dubois, Pa.:

Please give emblems or seals of the different nations of Europe which stand for them as the lion does for England and the eagle for America.

When Charlemagne became master of the whole of the German empire, he added the second head to the eagle for his arms, to denote that the empire of Rome and Germany were united in him, 802 A. D. The eagle was the imperial standard of Napoleon, and is that of Austria, Russia and Prussia. The Bureau recently gave a description of flags of the different nations.

F. C., Pacific, Cal.: The headquarters of the cavalry service is at Johnson Barracks, St. Louis Mo., and of the infantry at David's Island, New York. To join the cavalry a man must be 5 feet 4 inches tall, and not over 5 feet 10 inches tall, and not weigh more than 160 pounds. You must be physically sound and unmarried and between the ages of 21 and 35 years. To join the infantry you must be at least 5 feet 4 inches tall and weigh between 120 and 190 pounds. The other requirements are the same. Recruiting offices are established in the principal cities as recruits are required, and as fast as enlisted they are sent to the general headquarters mentioned above and from there drafted to regiments.

J. A. C., Telford, Tenn.:

1. Please give a brief history of the leaning tower at Pisa, Italy. 2. Do all American and English gold coins pass for the same in both countries?

1. This bell tower was begun in 1174 by Bonannus, of Pisa, and William of Innspruck. It is 179 feet high, cylindrical in form, and 50 feet in diameter. The summit is reached by 330 steps. The fact which gives it the name, by which it is so well known, is that it leans about 13 feet from the perpendicular. This fault was manifested before its completion, and was guarded against by extra braces, and an adaptation of the stone in the highest portion. The seven bells on the top, the largest of which weighs 12,000 pounds, are so placed as to counteract by their gravity the leaning of the tower. 2. No.

J. E. B., Osage City, Kan.:

Please give the popular and electoral vote by states in 1860.

Lincoln and Hamlin carried California, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Wisconsin. Breckinridge and Lane carried Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas. Bell and Everett carried Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. Douglas and Johnson carried Missouri and New Jersey. Lincoln received 180, Breckinridge 72, Bell 39, and Douglas 12 electoral votes; Lincoln's majority over all, 57. Of the popular vote Lincoln received 1,866,352; Breckinridge, 845,763; Bell, 589,581; Douglas, 1,375,157.

C. H. T., Camp Grove, Ill.: The earliest known fact referring to the history of Brooklyn, New York, is that in 1620 its site composed part of the territory possessed by a tribe of Indians bearing the name of Matowcas. It was then inhabited by the Canarsee Indians, now totally extinct. In 1636, shortly after the Dutch first located on Manhattan Island, New York, Jacob Van Corlear purchased from the Indians of Long Island a flat of land called Castateenu, which he devoted to agriculture. Others soon followed, and in 1667 the community became known by the name of Brencklen or Brencklelen—which has since become Brooklyn—and was granted a full and ample patent by Richard Nicolls, the first English governor of New York. The greater part of the records of early Brooklyn having been destroyed by the English when they occupied the town after the battle of Long Island on August 27, 1776, its early history is somewhat fragmentary, but enough has been preserved to render it a subject of great interest to historians and others.

F. S. N., Canby, Cal.:

Is the apricot a hybrid fruit, or a distinct species?

The apricot is a distinct genus of the order *Rosacea*, of which the peach is also a genus. The apricot is native to Armenia, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, China and Japan. It was taken to Europe in the time of Alexander the Great, and has spread throughout civilized lands and temperate climates. There is not difference enough between the peach and apricot to separate them as a distinct genera. The peach grows wild in Turkey, Persia and other parts of Western Asia. There is no evidence that the apricot originated as some claim, although grafting was known to the ancients at the beginning of the Christian era, and was mentioned by Virgil. Grafting is for the perpetuation and propagation of the finest varieties of fruit, but does not produce hybrid fruits. The apricot is often budded on plum or wild cherry stalks.

B. S. B., Sigmund, Pa.:

Please give a description of the Harz Mountains, in the north of Germany.

The range forms an elevated plateau, covered with irregular and, for the most part, forest-clad mountains, and situated mainly in Hanover and Brunswick. The range, which is divided into Upper and Lower Harz, is 50 miles in length, about 16 miles in breadth, and covers a superficies of upwards of 750 square miles. It is composed for the most part of greywacke belonging to the Devonian formation, pierced through in one or two places by granite. The highest peak of the range is the Brocken, which has an elevation of 3,740 feet above the sea. This peak is frequently veiled in mist and clouds, strata, and it is to this that the phenomenon known as the Brockengespenst ("spectre of the Brocken") which is nothing more than the shadow of men, houses, or other objects thrown upon the misty eastern horizon by the light of sunset. The Harz Mountains are exceedingly rich in metals and minerals. Silver, iron, lead, copper, zinc, etc., are mined; marble, alabaster, and granite are quarried. Mining, stone-cutting, and the timber trade afford employment to the inhabitants, who are 70,000 in number. The mountains are the scenes of many of the wild legendary tales of German literature.

C. V. A., Hissop, Ala.:

What was the origin of the word hero? Did it always have the same meaning?

This word comes to us from other tongues. It belongs to the Greeks of old. They seem to have used it in the first instance to designate the heroines that overran their country. For a time it was applied promiscuously to all men in the army. Eventually it came to mean such only as had become prodigies, and was applied to these whether distinguished in war, arts, philosophy or even personal charms. The endowments that made the hero a wonder to others were accounted for, according to the superstition of the time, on the ground that, whatever his seeming parentage, he was really the offspring of some divinity, and the ready invention of mythology soon produced a fable affiliating him on one or other of the gods. So soon as one was fairly placed on the calendar of heroes, a human was born on his tomb; sacrifices were offered for him, and he became the object of prayer for supernatural aid. In this the Romans followed the Greeks, and we find that among their heroes six were held in such honor that they were said to have been received into the community of the twelve great gods. Of these one is Æsculapius, whose fame was won by the art of healing. Among ourselves the word has generally signified one who displayed a very high degree of valor and self-devotion in the cause of country, or some such cause.

Vitality and Color

Are restored to weak and gray hair, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Through its cleansing and healing properties, this preparation prevents the accumulation of Dandruff, and cures all scalp diseases.

When I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was weak, thin, and gray. My scalp was also full of dandruff, and itched incessantly. Two bottles of the Vigor removed the dandruff, stopped the irritation, restored my hair to its original color, and so stimulated its growth that I now have an abundance of long black hair. The occasional use of this remedy keeps my hair and scalp in perfect condition.—Florence J. Cannon, 759 Clinton st., Trenton, N. J.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is, in every respect, the most cleanly of all preparations for toilet use.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. John W. Mackey is making a great stir in London.

The Queen of the Hawaiian Islands is at Newport, R. I.

P. T. Barnum lately entertained nineteen boy editors, and was talked into subscribing for all of their papers.

Miss Phœbe Harrod, of Newburyport, is especially desirous of living until August 28—her 100th birthday anniversary.

Labouchere says that the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales is commonly spoken of as "the worst-dressed girl in London."

The sons-in-law of the late Brigham Young intend to hold a convention in Utah if a building can be found large enough to hold them.

Mrs. Grant is about to send Thomas Murphy, once collector of the port of New York, but now sadly reduced in circumstances, the amount of his contribution toward the purchase of the Elberon cottage.

According to the San Francisco *Alta*, Schliemann, the explorer of Troy and the discoverer of the tomb of Agamemnon, is an old Californian, and used to buy gold dust in Sacramento away back in the flush times.

Miss Lippincott, Grace Greenwood's daughter, who made a successful debut in opera at Naples last year, and who has since been very sick from a cold contracted at that time, has now recovered, and with her widely known mother beside her will soon be heard from again.

Mr. Cleveland once asked Senator Voorhees: "Who is Judge Turpie?" "A citizen of Indiana," was the reply, "to whom I feel like apologizing every time we meet." "Why?" "For the reason that I am in the Senate of the United States and he is not."

Sarah Bernhardt's face was slapped by Mme. Noirmont in a little spat in Rio a few weeks ago, and in the scuffle that followed Mme. Sarah's soft-palmed friends took her part. They got poor Mme. N. into a corner, they say, and smacked her face till the rouge bepowdered the superadjacent air.

Gen. Sheridan says he is delighted with his new experience as a suburban farmer. Instead of sending his wife and children to a crowded seaside hotel or fashionable resort this year, he rented a thirty-acre farm near Washington, where he picks his own peas, digs his own potatoes and enjoys freedom from intrusion.

YELLOW-BACKED LITERATURE.

Its Day Over—Better Books Bought—Cheap Standard Works.

Toledo Daily Blade, July 31.

"What have you done to banish yellow-backed, fire-and-flood, blood-and-thunder dime novels from your shelves?" inquired a BLADE reporter of a Summit street newsdealer.

"Cheapened standard works, for one thing. The buck of sensational literature was broken when the prices in New Literature went down. When people can buy a good book for less than what they are asked to pay for a poor one they will take the good one every time."

"Do you sell many Indian stories to the boys of to-day?"

"No, to tell the truth, I do not. They are no longer popular. The American boy who reads at all reads a better class of books than the boys of twenty years ago. You can't stuff them any more with Indian lies. They know more about the West than I used to know about my own county."

"Are the writers of fiction to blame themselves, for the rapidly growing distaste for the dime novel?"

"In one sense of the word they are. They made them all alike. One yellow-backed book did not differ materially from another of the same class. Take for instance, the story where a white outlaw was at war with a white outlaw who had run away from the East for some misdeeds. This outlaw and his Indian tribe were always carrying war into some particular settlement. Finally, the outlaw stole a beautiful girl from home and wanted her to marry him. This the girl would not do, and waited patiently for the arrival of her lover and the settlers. A few caves, skeletons, ghosts, and magicians interspersed in regular order, would make the tale more interesting. Finally, the girl would be brought home in triumph and the outlaw punished or killed."

"What takes the place of the Indian story as trash?"

"The detective story. These are written in some saloon or attic by some poor New York sensational scribbler. They are better than the Indian stories in one respect and worse in others. They have new plots in each—something that the old Indian stories couldn't boast of at all. Fairy tales are only read by little girls. Pirates are too old and remote to be popular. Indeed, as a bright boy once said, 'They're all dead anyhow, and what's the use of reading about them?'"

"But how does it happen that you can sell cheap editions of new books?"

"Because copyright laws are broken so easily now. This is an age of steal, and it is no serious affair to steal an idea. There are so many different ways of evading the copyright laws that a book is hardly issued in regular form before it is thrust upon you with paper covers for one-tenth of the price. It is remarkable how much the American people read—books, newspapers, magazines and pamphlets are devoured with an eager, hungry avidity. Don't you want to buy a complete edition of Goth's 'Faust' for 20 cents?"

"Not to-day."

FREEZING CANNED GOODS.

Greely, the Arctic Explorer, Gives His Experience in the North.

In pursuing an inquiry as to the effects of extremes of temperature upon canned goods, their wholesomeness under varying conditions, etc., the *American Grocer* received the following interesting and valuable letter from Lieut. A. W. Greely, the Arctic explorer:

"I have your letter of July 13, referring to my previous letter on the subject of canned provisions. You ask me to state the effects of freezing upon canned fruits and vegetables, especially as regards the texture and flavor of tomatoes, corn, etc. Apples, peaches, pears, rhubarb, green peas, green corn, onions, potatoes and tomatoes were all subject to extreme temperatures (over 60° below zero) and were solid at times at a time. The second summer they thawed, the following winter froze solid again. All the articles named, presented the same appearance as though freshly canned and their flavor was as good when the last can was eaten as in the first month. It should be understood that these were first-class canned goods and from dealers of standing and reliability. Cranberry sauce, preserved damsons, preserved peaches and fruit butters suffered certain charges from candying, etc., which detracted somewhat from their flavor, though not materially so. Dealers in such preserves predicted that such conditions and changes would occur. I had also canned turnips, squash, beets and carrots, as well as pineapples, cherries, grapes, clams, shrimps and crabs, which, although not subjected to such extreme temperatures as the foregoing, yet froze and thawed repeatedly without injury. No can of any kind, except a few, say half a dozen of fruit butters, was ever hurt by action of color or heat. No illness of any kind occurred prior to our retreat, and those most inclined to canned fruits and vegetables were the healthiest and strongest of the party. I have written thus fully in answer to your letter from my conviction that the excellent quality and variety of canned provisions contributed materially to the unequaled health of my command during the two years we passed in unparalleled high latitude. The importance of good canned fruit and vegetables to parties unable to obtain the fresh article cannot be overrated, and so I speak with no uncertain tone on the subject.

"A. W. GREELY, U. S. A."

WHAT IS TYROTOXICON?

A Newly Discovered Poison—The Experiments of Prof. Vaughn—The Symptoms of the Poison—Its Origin Yet Unsettled.

"Tyrotoxicon" is a word formed from two Greek words which signify cheese-poison. It is only within the last two years that the disease has been given any attention by medical and scientific efforts, but the results since obtained, have established beyond a doubt, the existence of the disease, its symptoms and its causes. One of the most successful experiments was made by Victor C. Vaughn, professor of Physiological anatomy in the Michigan University. He succeeded after many trials in isolating a highly poisonous ptomaine from cheese. This he gave to some of his students who volunteered themselves as subjects.

He found the prominent symptoms to be dryness and constriction of the fauces, nausea, retching, vomiting and purging. Then the professor took a four ounce bottle with a glass stopper, filled it with milk, and let it stand six months tightly corked. At the end of that time, he succeeded in obtaining the same poison from the milk which he had taken from the cheese.

As he was not certain that the milk was normal, he made another experiment of a similar character, using normal milk, and after three months discovered the tyrotoxicon which he isolated from one of the bottles. It was in the state of a concentrated aqueous solution, ten drops of which placed in the mouth of a small dog three weeks' old caused frothing at the mouth, retching, vomiting of frothy fluid, muscular spasm over the abdomen, and in some hours watery stools. The next day the dog appeared to be better, but he refused to eat and was killed at the end of the third day.

The first experiment made on ice cream by the professor was June 13. He received from the secretary of the state board of health some melted ice cream with a request to analize. His report is as follows:

Dr. Baker also sent some of the vanilla which had been used as flavoring. It was thought that the poison would be found in the vanilla, because some lemon ice cream furnished at the same gathering had not affected those who ate of it. As the readiest means of deciding this, my assistant, Mr. Novie, and myself took at first 30 drops each of the vanilla extract.

No ill result following this, Mr. Novie took two teaspoonfuls more, with no results. This settled the question of the poisonous nature of the vanilla more satisfactorily than could have been done by a chemical analysis. We then added some distilled water to the extract, and, after thorough agitation, filtered it. The filtrate was tested for tyrotoxicon. The aqueous solution, after the spontaneous evaporation of the ether, was given to a cat. Within ten minutes the cat began to retch, and soon it vomited. This retching and vomiting continued for two hours, during which time the animal was under observation, and the next morning it was observed that it had passed several watery stools. After this, though the cat could walk about the room, it was unable to retain any food. Several times it was observed to lap a little milk, but on doing so it would immediately begin to retch and vomit. Even cold water produced this effect. This condition continuing, after three days the animal was placed under ether and its abdominal organs examined. We certainly expected to find marked inflammation of the stomach. But we really did find the stomach and small intestines filled with a frothy, serous fluid, such as had formed the vomited matter, and the mucous membrane very white and soft. There was not the slightest redness anywhere. The liver and other abdominal organs seemed to be normal.

As a result of Prof. Vaughn's observations, he claims that the production of the ptomaine is due directly or indirectly to the growth of some micro-organism. A new micrococcus was found in the affected cheese by Dr. Sternberg, but he was not satisfied that the poison and the germ had any relations. In every instance, where the poison has been found, the presence of more or less butyric acid has been discovered, and the doctor suggests that the poison may be the result of the acid's fermentation.

One of the most peculiar features of tyrotoxicon is ther esemblance of its symptoms to those of cholera morbus. In this connection, the professor compares as follows:

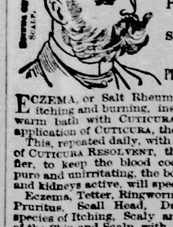
The suddenness and violence of the attack, the nausea and vomiting without marked tenderness of the abdomen, the character of the stools, the great thirst, the severe pain in the back of the head, the nervous prostration, and the tendency to deep sleep, are all observed in both. Again, the white, soggy appearance of the mucous membrane of the stomach of the cat corresponds exactly with the observations of children who die death from cholera infantum. Cholera infantum, as is stated by Smith, "is a disease of the summer months; and, with the exceptional cases, of the cities." Thus, the disease occurs at a time when decomposition of milk takes place most readily. It occurs at places where absolutely fresh milk cannot be obtained. It is most prevalent among classes of people whose surroundings are most favorable to fermentative changes. It is most certainly fatal at an age when there is the greatest dependence upon milk as a food, and when, on account of the rapid development of intestinal follicles, there is the greatest susceptibility to the action of an irritant poison, and when irritative and nervous fevers are most easily induced.

If all these facts be taken into consideration, along with the experiments which have been detailed, and which show the readiness with which the poison can be generated, it will certainly seem at least probable to any one that tyrotoxicon may be a cause of cholera infantum. A little dried milk formed along the seam of a tin pail, or a rubber nipple, tube or nursing bottle not thoroughly cleansed, may be the means of generating a large quantity of milk, enough of the poison to render it highly harmful to children. The high temperature observed in children with cholera infantum, and which has not been observed in adults poisoned by tyrotoxicon, may be caused by the continued production of the poison in the child's intestine, by the continued administration of milk, and by the greater susceptibility of the sympathetic nervous system in children.

If this casual relation does exist between tyrotoxicon and cholera infantum, a knowledge of it will aid us, not merely in the preventive, but in the curative treatment of the disease. The first thing to do in the treatment of the disease is to absolutely prohibit the further administration of milk, either good or bad, because the fermentation going on in the intestine would simply be fed by the giving of more milk. Even if that milk be of unquestionable purity. I would suggest that some meat or rice preparation be used for food, though experience will soon give us valuable information on this point. It is altogether probable that an amount of the poison which would escape chemical detection, might be sufficient to produce poisonous effects in children.

Cheese as Food.

We ought to eat more cheese and less fat pork. There is no food that is more healthful, and which goes further to sustain the natural waste of the system than good cheese. In Europe it takes the place of meat on the tables of the poor, but that fact would be no recommendation to the American. He does not like the idea of eating a thing that is the last resort of victims of the degrading Government of Europe. Let us rather tell him that cheese is an ever-present article upon the tables of the rich, which it is. That it is quite the thing for even children of royalty to feed on cheese. Every respectable restaurant in London has upon a small table in the center of the room the half section of a large golden-yellow cheddar with a knife in it that says "come and eat me." and there is a plate of crackers to go with it. If we want to introduce cheese-eating into this country we must stop talking about the poor of Europe and tell how the rich enjoy it. Make it fashionable and it will go like hot cakes.



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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE dry weather has seriously affected crops in many localities, especially the corn. It is impossible to tell what the damage to this important crop may be, though the most conservative estimates make it between 5 and 10 per cent. As a reduction of 5 per cent. means a loss of 100,000,000 bushels, it can be seen that the damage is serious. There have been, of course, the usual accompanying injuries to grass, live stock, etc. The tobacco crop, both of the West and East, has been considerably lowered in condition, and there is at present but little of satisfactory results, as the crops will be a light average in point of yield, and a low average in quality. Cotton is doing comparatively well, but the districts which suffered most in May and June are not recovering very rapidly, and condition of the crop is chequered. A light yield of clover is indicated.

FORTUNATELY, it does not follow because several sections have suffered severely from drouth, that the business prospects of the country have received a backset. The losses so far indicated are only such as to make the difference between plenty and plethora; and we often see illustrations of the fact that, beyond mere plenty, depreciation is apt to come in and more than cancel the commercial value of all surplusage.

DURING the last week there was but a small volume of trade outside of the produce market. Manufacturing industry is no doubt generally active, and unusually large investments are being made in the prospects of the fall trade, both by manufacturers and merchants. The latter, at least in many lines, are relieving producers of a larger percentage of their current output than has been the common rule for some years, and the first principle of commercial confidence, is to reverse the rule of small stocks in trade and large bank credits, and to reduce the last and increase the first.

AMONG the measures that most probably will not pass at the present session of Congress, the most important are the interstate commerce bill, the Northern Pacific forfeiture bill, the fortification bill, and the Morrison surplus resolution. The conference committees having these measures in charge are none of them expected to reach an agreement.

THE Senate has passed the fortifications bill, with several important amendments to the measure as it came from the House. Among these is an appropriation of $100,000 to establish a proper plant at the Frankford arsenal, Philadelphia, for the manufacture of the best modern ordnance. The bill also authorizes the secretary of War and the secretary of the Navy to contract with responsible steel manufacturers for the supply of steel for ordnance, providing that each bidder shall contract to erect a suitable plant for making the best steel and to deliver a specified quantity yearly, all the forgings to be of American product and manufacture. To carry out this provision the sum of $6,400,000 is appropriated, to be available for six years. The enactment of such a law would give to American iron manufacture an incentive for making modern ordnance a special study. As we have the raw material, the skilled labor, and the inventive genius here, it only needs such an incentive to enable us in a few years to rival the finest work of the Krupp establishment. The bill now goes to the House for its concurrence in these amendments, but it is feared that body will refuse to agree to them.

THE fisheries row is no nearer a settlement than ever. The customs commissioner of Canada has just issued a circular to collectors of customs at Dominion ports, ordering them, if any vessel or boat of the United States is found fishing or preparing to fish within three miles of the shore, to place an officer in charge of her and to telegraph the facts to Ottawa at once.

HON. BLANCHE K. BRUCE, late Register of the Treasury, will probably make the race for Representative in a Mississippi district. He should be elected, for he is the highest type of the colored race who ever sat in Congress.

A WASHINGTON dispatch announces that the fisheries question is to be carefully investigated by a sub-committee of the Senate foreign affairs committee, consisting of MESSRS. EDMUNDS, FRYE, EVARTS, MORGAN, and SALISBURY. That means that nothing will be done in the matter until Congress meets next December.

THE accounting officers of the treasury have commenced the settlement of the awards made by the court of commissioners of Alabama claims on the basis of 35.2 per cent. of the whole amount of the judgments. Settlements will be made in the order of the judgments made by the court. The amount to be paid out is about $5,750,000.

IT is understood that department clerks have been detailed to do the work thus far of the Democratic Congressional committee. It would be interesting to know if the President regards this conduct as coming within that "quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights which is the reasonable measure of their party service."

THE American Exhibition in London next year will open May 2. It will be an exhibition of the arts, inventions, manufactures, products and resources of this country, and its object is to bring the manufactures and products of the United States to the attention of Europeans generally. Any information desired may be obtained by addressing JOHN GILMAN SPEED, secretary of the American Exhibition, 702 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE heir-apparent to the Japanese throne, Prince FUSHIMI, is now making a visit to the United States, being at present in New York, whence he goes to Washington, and then he intends to make a short tour through Western cities. He spent last year in making the tour of Europe. His object is to learn everything possible that may be of benefit to his country, showing that he intends to continue the work of progress now going on there. The Prince will do well to come to Toledo, and learn something of what is going on in this city.

A JOINT resolution has passed both houses of Congress, directing an investigation by the commissioner of labor as to the kind and amount of work performed in the penal institutions of the several states and territories of the United States and the District of Columbia, as to the methods under which convicts are or may be employed, and as to all the facts pertaining to convict labor and the influence of the same upon the industries of the country, and embody the results of such investigation in his second annual report to the secretary of the Interior, provided that the investigation authorized can be carried out under the appropriations made for the expenses of the bureau of labor.

THE Maine election will be preceded by a hot contest. The Maine Senators in Washington have invited Congressmen HISCOCK, of New York, BURROWS, of Michigan, MCKINLEY, of Ohio, MCCOMAS, of Maryland, and GOFF, of West Virginia, to take part in the coming fall campaign, and it is probable that all will accept. Five better speakers could not be selected. GOFF is chairman of the national Republican Congressional committee. HISCOCK and MCKINLEY divide the leadership of the House with REED, MCCOMAS is secretary of the Republican caucus of the House, and enjoys the distinction of being the only Republican member from Maryland.

THE Marquis of SALISBURY has, at last, selected his Cabinet, and it has been announced to the public as follows: Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons; Rt. Hon. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, Secretary of War; Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, Chief Secretary for Ireland; Lord JOHN MANNERS, Postmaster General; Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord HALSBURY, Lord High Chancellor; Rt. Hon. FREDERICK ARTHUR STANLEY, Secretary for Ireland; Viscount CRANBROOK, Lord President of the Council; Lord ASHBOURNE, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Marquis of LONDONDERRY, Viceroy of Ireland; Lord IDDESLEIGH, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Rt. Hon. EDWARD STANHOPE, President of the Board of Trade; Rt. Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, President of Local Government Board; Rt. Hon. DAVID PLUNKET, First Commissioner of Works; Sir R. E. WEBSTER, Attorney General; HENRY MATTHEWS, Q. C. Home Secretary; The Rt. Hon. ARTHUR BALFOUR, Secretary for Scotland; Lord JOHN MANNERS, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Mr. A. AKERS-DOUGLAS, Patronage Secretary of the Treasury; The Rt. Hon. HUGH HOLMES, Q. C., Attorney General of Ireland; JOHN GREGORY GIBSON, Q. C., Solicitor General of Ireland.

OF course the most conspicuous man is the premier, Lord SALISBURY, who has now formed the nineteenth ministry since the reform act of 1832. This is the second time that he has been called upon for this delicate and dangerous duty, and though he did not remain long in office the first time, he showed that he was fitted for the place he has since occupied as the leader of the Tory party and a central figure in British politics. He has always been noted for his high Tory principles, from which he has never in any degree swerved. He has no strong sympathies with the masses of the people, but is a man of considerable brilliancy, with a sarcastic element in his make-up that makes him dreaded in debate. His entrance into Parliament was at the age of 23 years, and he has always maintained a prominent position until, at middle age, he reached the highest place in the government.

THE most important of all of SALISBURY'S appointments by all odds, is that of Lord CHURCHILL to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. He has had no experience in the matter of financial management to speak of, and it seems a great risk to place him in a position of such great responsibility, but he has succeeded so many times when he was expected to fail, that he may do so here. It is certain that he is a man of ability, pluck and courage. He has also an audacity which carries him through difficult places. His education is limited and he has few gifts of oratory, and yet he must possess some brains and great good luck or he could never have made such rapid strides forward as he has done. The Liberal-Unionists will be especially chagrined by this appointment.

THREE Irishmen, ASHBOURNE, HAMILTON and PLUNKET, have seats in the new Cabinet, and there is little doubt that this has been done with a design, probably to conciliate Irishmen and to show that those who are loyal will be honored by the government of Great Britain. The selection of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH for the Irish Secretaryship is, however, unfortunate, unless coercion is determined upon as the policy to be pursued, as it must incense the Parnellites who remember his recent speech in its favor. Lord ASHBOURNE has been appointed to draft a scheme for the reform of Irish administration, and a private committee consisting of Mr. GOSCHEN, Sir HENRY JAMES and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to cooperate with him.

THE appointment of the new Home Secretary, HENRY MATTHEWS, is said to be due to the suggestion of the Queen, who was delighted by his vindication in the Dilkes trial—in which he was counsel for Mr. CRAWFORD—of the sanctities of English home life. The Catholics are delighted with the departure from the rule that none of their creed shall hold official position. Of the other Cabinet officers, PLUNKET, WEBSTER and ASHBOURNE are comparatively young men, who have acquitted themselves well in the posts they have held. As for the rest, they are probably as good as could be found with the material at hand. The Tory party is not overstocked with men of ability, and there is a great dearth of experience, so that the prospects of a firm and stable ministry are not flattering.

THE Liberal-Unionists who had decided to sustain the government on any other than the Irish question will not be well pleased with the Cabinet. It is now supposed that HARTINGTON has pledged his support not to attempt to alter the existing legislative conditions between Great Britain and Ireland, but nothing more, as he absolutely refused to enter into a coalition ministry. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not likely to commit himself to any course which will injure any prospects he may have to recover the leadership of the Radical party. Mr. GOSCHEN does not intend to enter politics, but when he does, it will be as a Conservative and Tory party leader.

ACCORDING to private advices the Legislature of Venezuela has approved a treaty with the United States for a new commission to inquire into the merits of claims pronounced by the government of that country to be fraudulent. These claims amount to over a million dollars, of which a portion has been paid under protest. Speculators in them have tried in every way to prevent a hearing, and are now charging the Venezuelan government with trickery and evasion for not having ratified the new treaty before the adjournment of its Congress. The news that Venezuela has acted in good faith will prevent further attempts being made by the State Department to secure a distribution of money deposited there by Venezuela on this account, and amounting to about $300,000.

AMSTERDAM had some serious rioting there a week ago because of the prohibition of popular games on Sunday. Ten of the rioters were killed by the troops and eighteen policemen were wounded.

THE abolition of slavery in Cuba is to be completed by the purchase of the remaining 20,000 slaves in Cuba by the Spanish government.

THE report of the deaths upon the coast of Labrador from starvation is now declared to be unfounded.

DIVERSITY OF SENTIMENT AMONG THE FRIENDS OF PROHIBITION.

There is no doubt but that the temperance movement of the country is growing steadily and surely. It is already enormous in its totality; but its great weakness is in the diversity of sentiment among individuals. Men view the question from different standpoints. One class look at it from a religious point of view. They admit that an intemperate man is a sinner, and hence under the wrath of God. They look upon the saloonist and the manufacturer in the same light. The remedy, plainly, is for the drinker, the maker and the seller to repent, to make their peace with God, "to cease to do evil and learn to do well"—and to stop drinking, buying, selling or making Rum, as a natural sequence. Moral suasion is the weapon of this class of temperance men.

There is another class of men who are inclined to take a simply business view of Rum drinking and Rum selling. They look upon the drinker in exactly the same light as they regard a spendthrift, a ne'er-do-weel, a man who gambles, or any one of that unfortunately too numerous class who have no business capacity. They look upon Rum sellers as men who pursue their calling for the money that is in it, without caring for the welfare of those who come within their clutches. For themselves, they have too much hard common sense to waste their money and time as frequenters of saloons, and view with contempt those who do.

Then there is another and a very large class of men who look at the Rum traffic from an economic standpoint. They see the waste of time, of effort, of money, of health, of future opportunity, on the part of the devotees of intemperance, and condem Rum-drinking utterly because of this frightful loss of all temporal opportunities and advantages. They see that the Rum habit is the fruitful source of misery and suffering; that it is the promoter of vice of every kind, the adjuvant of crime. They look upon the Rum seller as the man largely responsible for this state of things, for it is through the saloon that men are led into drunkenness, and thence down the steep descending road which leads to the depths of poverty, wretchedness, vice and crime. To this class of temperance men, the question presents itself as a moral and economic one.

These different classes all agree that the Rum traffic is responsible for this gigantic train of evils which afflict humanity. Unfortunately they disagree as to the best method of combating Rum. Some favor one plan, and some another. The drift of sentiment, however, has long been in the direction of Prohibition, and those who have given the most study to the problem invariably have arrived at the conclusion that there is but one practical and efficacious mode of dealing with the question—and that is, by the utter extermination of the traffic through Prohibition.

But how to reach Prohibition? Here the same disastrous and weakening division of opinion is apparent. There is a section of the Prohibitionists—and a small section, too, when their number is compared with the grand total of those who are in favor of Prohibition—who are laboring to establish a separate party which they dignify as the Prohibition party. They aim to reach Prohibition through separate political action. They have a perfect right to do this, but their manner of doing it makes the judicious grieve. Their fiercest opposition is directed against those who are laboring for Prohibition in any other direction than by a new political party. They reject the teaching of the ages, that all great moral reforms are accomplished by gradual steps, and anathemize any law or ordinance which in any way seeks to regulate or curb the Rum Power without actually suppressing it. They refuse to see, in such measures, auxiliary forces which are surely preparing the way for actual Prohibition. In fact, some of the more intemperate of their organs declare that they would not welcome Prohibition in any other way, or at the hands of any other organization, than through third-party Prohibition. Such extremists are an injury to the cause they pretend to champion, and actually delay the progress of national Prohibition.

The BLADE believes in Prohibition, and it does not care in what way it shall be done, so that it becomes an accomplished fact. And we hail any new legal enactment that opposes the reign of Rum as an indication of the strong, healthy growth of a Prohibition sentiment, and a step forward in the campaign that shall end only when the Rum Power shall be overthrown. We recognize the fact that the majority of the friends of Prohibition are unwilling to leave the political parties with which they are affiliated, and identify themselves with a party which has no end and aim but Prohibition. The question of the tariff, the silver question, the payment of the national debt, the financial problems that are clamoring for settlement, the question of an active and self-respecting foreign policy, the subject of artificial water-ways, the question of coast defence, and others, are all to be decided upon, and the average American citizen appears to look upon some or all of these as demanding his fealty to one party or the other more imperatively than the question of Prohibition.

The movement that is now going on in the ranks of the Republican party looking to concerted action in opposition to the saloon, because of its baneful influence upon our political life, is a most important one. We recognize it as a step in the direction of the ultimate destruction of the Rum Power; and it is a movement that will command far more hearty support from the masses of the temperance men in that party than would an effort at complete Prohibition. The call for the anti-saloon Republican conference at Chicago has already been published in these columns. As time passes on, it is astonishing to see the movement of concurrence in the Republican ranks everywhere. It commend itself to a large and important element which has long seen and deplored the effect of the liquor traffic, yet which has not been able to perceive the utility of wasting its political influence by joining an impotent third party. There is good reason to expect, too, that the results of the conference will be such that many friends of the Republican party who, through a feeling of impatience, have joined the ranks of the third-party Prohibitionists will return to the party when they once realize that Republicans mean to grapple with the Rum Power. The difference between the third party Prohibition men and the anti-saloon Republicans is just this: The former are content to throw away their votes for the sake of emphasizing their desire for legislation which public opinion is not yet ready to grant; the latter propose to make their votes tell for temperance, by controlling the Republican party on behalf of whatever measures of restriction and alleviation public opinion at any given place is prepared to sustain, approve and make effective. We have an earnest hope that the anti-saloon conference may result in action which will prove a great factor in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE railway managers of the country are all directing their attention to the preparation of a series of signals—whistle, lantern, and bell—which shall be alike for all lines. In such case an employe of one road going to another would not have to unlearn before he began to learn, as he now does. There is no doubt but that in the future the signals for all railroads will be alike and everywhere mean the same thing.

A NEW DEPARTMENT IN THE BLADE —THE "MEDICAL BUREAU."

In two or three weeks we shall begin a new department in the BLADE, called the "Medical Bureau," to be devoted to health topics—to hygienic and dietetic information, and to the answering of questions as to the treatment of diseases. The department will have the advantage of the services of a first-class physician. We hope thus to make the BLADE still more valuable to its patrons, and to save them many a doctor's bill for the myriad of minor and of chronic ailments which afflict humanity. No such work has ever been attempted before by a newspaper, but we feel sure that it can be made a success.

We are now ready to receive queries. To facilitate the enormous work that this department will entail, we ask a careful reading of the following, and a strict adherence to the regulations therein given:

All queries for the Medical Bureau must be in a *separate* letter. They must not be made part of a business letter, or part of a letter to any other department of the BLADE. This is necessary, as they have to be handed to the physician who is to answer. Address the envelope, "The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left hand corner write, "Medical Bureau."

No queries will be answered unless your real name and postoffice address are given. The name will not be published in *any* case. The reply will either use the initial, or any fictitious signature you may choose, but will give the address in *every* case.

No queries will be answered unless from actual subscribers to the BLADE, whose names are on our subscription books. If the name sent is not found there no attention will be paid to the letter.

Make your letter as clear and brief as you possibly can. Tell us exactly what you want to know, and give the facts necessary for the physician to judge of the case.

No answers will be sent by mail, in any case whatsoever; so it is useless to ask us to do it.

All questions coming within the above rules will be answered strictly in their turn. The first who writes will be the first to be answered.

We are now ready to receive queries, and advise all who wish help to write at once, without delay. We cannot begin the publication of the department until we have letters enough to fill it. Read over carefully what is said above, and write at once.

THE DEBT STATEMENT.

We give in our news columns to-day the debt statement for August 1. We have received several requests to give the salient features of the debt statement in intelligible form, and herewith do so:

THE DEBT.

(1) Bonds bearing interest	$1,206,604,112
(2) Bonds on which interest has ceased	5,374,185
Debt bearing no interest	535,079,699
Total of above items	$1,747,057,996
Interest due on (1) and (2)	8,501,051
Total debt	$1,755,559,047

MONEY IN TREASURY.

Fractional silver and minor coin	28,927,916
Certificates held as cash, that is, both the certificates and the silver coin they represent held in the treasury	80,457,218
The "net cash balance on hand" of the debt statement of Aug. 1	80,206,326
Total of above 3 items	$ 189,591,460
Gold held for redemption of greenbacks under acts of January 14, 1875, and July 10, 1882	100,000,000
Cash which is really not "available for debt reduction"	195,265,443
Total cash in Treasury	$ 484,856,903

Of this the $189,591,460 is surplus—that is, the sum of the first three items—and can be used for the extinguishment of the debt—for the payment of the three per cents, which are call bonds, and of which there are now $140,011,750 outstanding and bearing interest.

It will be noted that the "decrease of the debt" during July is put at $9,049,104. This is a misleading statement. These figures are obtained by taking the difference in the item, "debt less cash in treasury," in the statements of July 1 and of August 1. This is a proceeding that may be illustrated thus: A owes $100. He pays $25 on his debt and during July he earned $30 over his actual expenses. According to the treasury figuring, he has reduced his debt $55. That is, they add what has actually been paid on the debt and what available cash has been added to the treasury, and say the debt has been reduced that much!

THE CUTTING AFFAIR.

The details of the CUTTING case, as previously published seem to have been incorrect—or at least there are two stories in circulation, the later of which gives this version of the affair:

El Paso, the Texan town, and El Paso del Norte, the Mexican, are on opposite shores of the Rio Grande, where Texas, New Mexico and Chihuahua meet. Mr. Cutting who first resided in El Paso, removed to El Paso del Norte to publish a newspaper in Spanish there; and the origin of the present trouble was this business enterprise. Hearing that one Emilio Medina intended to start a rival newspaper in El Paso del Norte, he gave him a preliminary notice in his own newspaper as "a fraud," whose object was to swindle advertisers. Medina at once had Cutting summoned into court, where the latter signed a "reconciliation." But no sooner was this done than Cutting published a card in an El Paso paper reiterating that Medina was a fraud and a dead-beat, pronouncing his resort to the law cowardly, and offering him "American satisfaction" whenever he wanted it. The circulation of this card by Mr. Cutting in El Paso del Norte instantly after his former retraction, was apparently considered as a great contempt of court; at all events, he was arrested.

CUTTING claimed the protection of Mr. BRIGHAM, the American consul at El Paso Del Norte, claiming the protection of this government as a citizen of the United States. He was in jail a month before the stately BAYARD took occasion to consider his case. Then the State department made a demand on the Mexican government for his release. CUTTING is still in jail, and the Mexicans are working themselves into a fever over the matter.

CUTTING himself, if all accounts are to be believed, is a worthless fellow; but the case does not hinge upon his personal character. He is an American citizen; and if the Mexican authorities are to be allowed to disregard the claims of this country that right and justice shall be observed in the treatment of the humblest and most unworthy of her citizens, a principle is violated and a precedent created for future annoyance to reputable Americans.

The do-nothing policy of our government so far in this case has emboldened the half-civilized Mexicans of the border to murder an American, FRANCISCO RASSURES by name, who was arrested on a charge of horse-stealing at the demand of the chief of police of Piedras Negras, Mexico, MONDRAGOA by name, at Eagle Pass, Texas. RASSURES was taken before a stupid county judge and delivered over to the Mexicans, who took him across the border and shot him. The animus of the whole affair was the fact that RASSURES won the love of a woman whom MONDRAGOA desired to marry. MR. LYNN, the American consul, telegraphed the facts to Washington, and urged that immediate action be taken.

THERE are still outstanding $15,340,114 of the United States fractional currency, whose issue ceased in 1876. The total issue was nearly $370,000,000, and it is probable that nearly the whole fifteen millions has been burned, lost or otherwise destroyed. Assuming that the national bank currency has suffered one-tenth as much loss, it may be estimated that of the $1,237,034,835 issued $8,000,000 has disappeared, and will be a clear profit to the national treasury. This is probably an under-estimate, as the outstanding proportion of one and two dollar bank notes, prohibited by the resumption act, is about one dollar to every 57.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

The BLADE is in receipt of a letter from Cicero, Ohio, the writer of which asks the following information:

Have you a factory in Toledo, and do you manufacture your own sewing machines. If so, please give me dimensions of factory and number of hands employed. How long do you warrant the machines? An agent for the ——— machine was here the other day and said you had no factory, and got your machines made by another company.

We have no doubt that many sewing machine agents are circulating the same kind of falsehoods. The Blade sewing machine is not sold by agents, and hence the latter are bitterly opposed to it. We give the purchaser the agent's commission, by reducing the price of the machine. For the information of any of our friends who may have been told such malicious falsehoods as the above, we wish to say:

Our sewing machine manufacturing works were erected expressly to manufacture the Blade Sewing machine. The building is a three-story brick structure, 200 feet long by 40 feet deep, with two wings, and was erected specially for this purpose. There are at this date 110 workmen employed, and this number will soon be increased to 200.

The works are fitted up with special machinery for the production of the Blade Sewing machine, built expressly for us. This sewing machine is made on the same principle of manufacture as the American watches—we have a special machine to make each working part. The latter, therefore, are exact duplicates of one another, and can be changed from one machine to another and fit perfectly. This improved mode of manufacture enables the machine to be made more cheaply, and at the same time better.

All the running parts of the machine are made of the finest steel, and as regards excellence of material, perfect finish of working parts and durability, it is equal, if not superior, to any machine now on the market. Every part of the machine is made in our own factory, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. Every machine is tested before being sent out, and we warrant it to be a perfect machine and exactly as represented in our circulars and advertisements. We hope that our friends will see that the above facts are given publicity wherever false reports have been made.

WHO ARE THE TALKERS?

Women are generally credited with being much greater talkers than men, and it used to be asserted that it would be impossible for them to make a success in holding public meetings to consult upon general subjects, because they would all want to talk at once. Within a few years past this has been disproved, as there are no more dignified and well conducted assemblies than those made up of women and presided over by one of their number. All the difference there has ever been was not of sex, but of training, and as the feminine part of creation are rapidly acquiring that, the old reproach will have not long even the shadow of ground to stand upon.

The present Congress has shown conclusively how much can be said, even by masculine law-makers, which amounts to nothing, but there is a world of talking of which the public never hears. Some correspondent of a New York paper has been studying the *Congressional Record* to find out who addresses the Chair the greatest number of times in a session. Most of people imagine that it is the party leaders, but that is by no means the case. The man who has done the most talking since the first Monday of last December is a representative from Illinois of whom the country rarely hears. He has spoken over 500 times and will probably tally 600 by adjournment. Most of the talk has been about appropriations, and is so absolutely useless, that while it finds a place in the *Record*, the newspapers do not print what is so utterly without interest.

This member, however, is not alone. There are many others who are determined to be heard upon the floor of the House, whether what they have to say is of any importance or not, and it is certain that there was never a woman's meeting where there is so much that is utterly inconsequent said as in this and other legislative bodies.

THE New York *Sun* is thoroughly dissatisfied with the course of the CLEVELAND administration on the finances. It draws an instructive comparison between Republican and Democratic management of the public debt, showing clearly the deficiencies of the latter—although, be it remembered, the *Sun* is a Democratic sheet!

In the sixteen months from March 5, 1885, when it came into power, to June 30, 1887, the present Democratic administration has reduced the interest-bearing national debt by the sum of $50,143,900.

In the sixteen months preceding March 5, 1885, a Republican administration reduced the interest-bearing debt of the country by the sum of $116,297,000.

This is a showing which our Republican friends will do well to remember, and present it to the Democratic stumpers this fall when they attempt to confuse the public by false statements and misleading figures.

AN exchange makes some pertinent remarks regarding the increase of heavy defalcations and betrayal of trusts in these later years, and says that the frequency of their occurrence and the carelessness with which they are regarded, leads one to ask if society is not becoming demoralized by these revelations of crime. The very indifference of people shows that there is no longer that sentiment of disgust and horror for the crime that there used to be. The criminals are looked upon as rather weak than wicked, and often regarded as merely unfortunate. It is not in a loose class of society that this kind of wrong is found, but among the more respectable people—the members of churches and those who enjoy the confidence of their fellow townsmen. There is, as observed, a sterner sentiment towards this class of offenses needed, for the benefit of society.

FRANCE is alive with excitement over the doings of Gen. BOULANGER, the wide awake minister of War. It is believed that he is steadily working toward bringing about a war with Germany with the hope that it will elevate him to supreme power in the Republic. There is nothing which would arouse the French people to such a frenzy of enthusiasm as this, as they have never recovered from the humiliation of their former defeat. BOULANGER himself is a man to be the hero of the hour. He is brilliant, brave, and so far has been extremely fortunate. It is hard to tell what changes a short time may bring in the situation of affairs in Europe, but it is certain that the atmosphere there is full of electricity that may produce a storm at any time.

THE number of *Public Opinion* for the current week publishes the opinions of all the leading papers of the country on the result of the vote to investigate Sen. PAYNE. The quotations represent fairly the general opinion, and are gleaned from the Republican, Democratic and Independent press. The collation makes most interesting reading to Ohio people at this time. This new periodical is rapidly making itself a place in the periodical literature of the country, and is becoming a necessity to the man who desires to keep abreast of current opinion. Published at Washington, D. C.

THE newspapers estimate that 1,500,000 bushels of wheat were ruined by the recent great hail and wind storms in Dakota.

A GRAVE FACT SHOWN BY THE LAST CENSUS.

There is a grave problem presented to our social scientists, and to the people of the country at large, in the report, made by Special Agent WINES, and collated from the tenth census, on the "defective, dependent and delinquent" classes of our population, which report has been sent to the Senate by the secretary of the Interior. It is a painful interest in many of its details, especially those relating to the pauper and criminal classes. The report shows the total number of prisoners confined in jails, workhouses and penitentiaries, etc., in the United States in 1880 to be 58,609, of which 53,604 were males and 5,005 females, 45,802 natives and 12,807 foreigners, 41,861 whites and 16,748 colored. The number of prisoners to each million of population is given as 1,069. In 1870 it was 853.

The number of insane persons in the United States in 1880 is given as 91,959, or 1,833 for each million of population. In 1870 the total number was 37,432, or 971 for each million. Among the insane are 130 males and 138 females who are also deaf mutes; 245 males and 282 females who are blind, and 16 males and 14 females who are deaf and dumb and blind.

The number of homeless children (16 years and under) in 1880 was 57,423, of which 30,171 were males and 27,252 females; 55,618 were native born and 18,210 of foreign birth. The number of white homeless children is given as 54,883 and that of colored as 25,040.

The number of idiots in the United States reported as receiving special training is 6,809. This idiotic class increased from 24,527 in 1876 to 76,895 in 1880. In the former year the ratio was 636 to each million of population, and in the latter year it was 1,533. The number of idiotic deaf mutes is: males, 1,185; females, 937; idiotic deaf mutes and blind, males, 107; females, 110; idiotic and blind, males, 661; females, 525. The total number of blind in the United States in 1880 was 48,926, or 976 in each million of population.

The number of outdoor paupers in 1880 is given as, males 10,290, females 11,305; 17,902 are natives, and 3,693 are foreigners; 19,328 white, and 2,267 colored. The number of almshouse paupers in the United States in 1880 was: Males, 35,564; females, 30,630; of which 37,603 were white, and 5,717 colored.

Here is presented a problem which will tax the wisdom of the legislative bodies of the country. The facts, especially as to rapid increase of the defective classes, are alarming, and the question of how to prevent the monstrous growth of idiocy, insanity and crime—which are shown to be increasing in a much faster ratio than our population—is a most momentous one.

We are convinced that Rum is the most potent factor in the increase of these three terrible evils. That crime is a direct result of intemperate habits needs no demonstration. It is equally true, though the facts are not so familiar to the public, that idiocy is the frequent hereditary curse of the children of intemperate parents. It is a lamentable fact that children begotten when one or both parents are under the influence of liquor frequently are idiots—so frequently that the relation of cause and effect is considered as established by medical men.

Regarding insanity, it is the opinion of the best alienists of both this country and Europe that Rum is the chief agent in producing it. In Sweden it is a matter of record that in one asylum 50 per cent. of the patients were insane because of the use of Rum. A clearer proof is that afforded by the statistics of insanity in Norway, where, for eleven years succeeding the removal of a heavy tax on Rum, and a consequent great increase in intemperance, the percentage of increase of the various classes of insane was: In cases of mania, 41 per cent.; melancholia, 69 per cent.; dementia, 25 per cent., and idiocy, 150 per cent—of which 60 per cent, were the children of drunken fathers and mothers—proof positive of the fact mentioned in the last paragraph above. It is a low estimate to say that one-half the cases of insanity and idocy of our country are caused by Rum.

THE PROHIBITION FIGHT IN MISSOURI.

Missouri is to be a battle-ground of the Prohibition movement this fall. A movement has been organized for the submission of a prohibitory constitutional amendment by the legislature, and it is daily growing in strength and importance. The Democratic leaders of the state have already attempted to array their party against the movement, but there are a great many Democrats in the state who favor Prohibition, and who will work in harmony with the submission movement. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* points out the fact that, several times in its history, the Democratic party of Missouri has committed itself to prohibitory measures. The first struggle was in the legislature in 1879, where party lines were disregarded on this question, and the resolution for the submission of a Prohibition amendment to the state constitution to the people was passed in the House and defeated in the Senate by a very close vote. In 1881 the Senate passed a similar resolution, which failed in the House only one vote.

In the Democratic state convention of 1882, on a resolution, inspired by Sen. VEST, pledging the party to the doctrine that

the question of temperance is one belonging solely to the domain of morals, and every attempt to enforce it by prohibitory legislation is subversive of the legitimate foundation of government,

the vote stood 87 yeas to 301 nays—a most emphatic defeat—and the convention declared in favor of "the largest personal liberty consistent with the public welfare," which was a plank vague enough for Democratic Prohibitionists and liquor men to all stand upon. This year the same struggle will come up in the state convention, and efforts are making to have the party committed to a policy similar to that outlined in the Vest resolution of 1882.

In 1883 a submission resolution was lost in the House by the votes of 57 Democrats, 10 Republicans and 1 Greenbacker in the negative to 39 Democrats, 15 Republicans and 5 Greenbackers in favor of it—68 nays to 59 yeas. In the same year, MARMADUKE, then a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, which he received and which office he now fills, declared that a demand from the people for the submission of a prohibitory amendment should be "cheerfully and promptly" responded to by the legislative and executive departments, "without reference to individual conviction," and similar expressions were made by all the principal leaders of the party. In the light of those facts, it would seem impossible to pledge the party to the liquor interest. The Missouri campaign promises to be a most interesting one.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

ONCE more we ask you to read the advertisement of the Blade sewing machine on fifth page. Every day we receive scores of testimonials from delighted ladies who have it in use. It is a magnificent success. And then the price! $18 for the best sewing machine in the world, and the weekly BLADE one year! If you want a good, reliable sewing machine order at once. We are filling orders now the same day they are received.

WITH the present hopeful spirit pervading all lines of trade and business there is nothing apparently required but large crops of our staple products to secure a fall trade possibly as large and as profitable to manufacturers and merchants as in 1879 and 1880.

NASBY.

...e to read anything he might write...
...battles. "What should you suppose
...d Mr. Smith to him, "would be the feel-
...g of the public if they should be able
...w to obtain two accounts of the battle
...Waterloo written by Napoleon and
...llington respectively?" "I think they
...uld command a great many readers,"
...d Grant. "Well," replied Mr. Smith,
...a account from you of the great
...ttles in which you participated would
...mmand many more." This favorable
...w from one in the habit of feeling the
...se of the public seemed to incline Gen.
...ant, for the first time, to engage in the
...rk. He was in a mood, too, to seek oc-
...pation and distraction from his troubles.
...asked Mr. Smith if he expected to ob-
...n contributions of the same kind from
...hers. "With your example there will not
... the least difficulty," was the reply.
...en the point was made what the South-
...n combatants should be called in writing
... them. "I propose to call them Confed-
...ates," said Mr. Smith. "I have been in
...e habit of thinking of them as rebels,"
...s Grant's reply. "What should you call
...em if you had invited them to your
...ble?" was the rejoinder. "I think then
...e'd term Confederate would be admissi-
...e," said Grant. "Well," said Mr. Smith,
...propose to invite them to your literary
...ie." Grant smiled, and this difficulty
...s settled. He engaged to do the work,
...d the war papers were assured.

A Breeze From Michigan.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been an interested reader of the CAMP FIRE since the ...mmencement of its publication in the ...ADE, but it is only once in a great while ...at I see anything from a Michigan man, ...d never see anything from any one of ...y own regiment, the 13th Michigan in- ...try. Don't the Michigan soldiers care ...relate the incidents of camp life through ...e CAMP FIRE? From all reports of Michi- ...n troops, it seems as if the might add ...eir share of rails to the CAMP FIRE. They ...re ever ready to do their share where- ...er they were placed, and I am sure were ...ver very far in the rear to get their share ... rails whenever there were any to be ...nd. Perhaps, though, they prefer sitting ...ound the camp and listening to the ...izz of the bullets of the CAMP FIRE ...rpshooters. There has been quite a ...d deal of sharpshooting going on, as ...e seems to be no two that can give the ...e account of an engagement, although ...h claim to have been in the same bat- ... or were eye-witnesses of it. There ...l be a difference of opinion in regard to ... position held by a certain brigade or ...ision. One will make such a general ... hero of some great battle, while an- ...er gives some other general all of glory ...he same battle. There has been quite a good deal said ...ough the CAMP FIRE on the questions of ...sions. For my part, I do not draw a ...sion, and never expect to. If I had any ...a of applying for a pension, I should ...er expect to have it granted by the ...ad head of the pension department. ...re are to-day thousands of poor sol- ...rs who do not draw any pension, and ...not get one. ...me of the comrades of the CAMP FI... ...k about voting as they shot. If they ha... ...ed as they shot, Grover Cleveland would ...occupy the White House as President of ...the United States. When a soldier vo... ...he shot, he votes against the same m... ...shot against, as every soldier does w... ...es the Republican ticket, and he w... ...es the Democratic votes with the sa... ...n he shot against. It has often bee... ...ery in my mind why a soldier, who w... ...through the war, can vote the Dem... ...tic ticket, when, in doing so, he vo... ...the very principles which he fou... ...inst. Perhaps they are right and I a... ...ong, but that is the way I look at t... ...tter.—F. M. WATERS, late of Co. G, 13... ...h. V. V. L., Climax, Mich.

A Letter from the West.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Soldiers, you are all ...ting to be old men. Your heads are ...ting to be silvered over. You are al... ...n of experience. Scarcely one of you ... younger than 40, while the old ve... ...w has passed over to the silent majority, ...d did gallant service in the prime of ...ir youth. You fought a holy war, de... ...ded our flag amid shot and shell; and ...at thanks does the poor private receive? ...ok how our nation stands to-day

GEORGIA POLITICS.

The Georgia Democratic state convention went through with its work of nominating a governor in a very perfunctory manner. The battle which raged for weeks between GORDON and BACON was fought out at the primaries, and the convention had nothing to do but to ratify the decision. Of the 350 members of the convention, 250 were instructed for GORDON, 84 for BACON, 6 for JONES, 6 were uninstructed, and 4 delegations were contested. The nomination was, after a struggle, made unanimous for GORDON by acclamation. Maj. BACON, in an address to the people of Georgia, gives this version of the battle for the gubernatorial nomination:

The stake for which my adversaries played was the control of the state road, and of the claim of $2,000,000 for betterments on the same; also, for the control of the convict lease and of the issue of $4,500,000 of state bonds, as well as that of the annual revenue of the state. It was an immense stake, and they played for it desperately and skillfully.

It is a known fact that there are parties in this state who, with their confederates and associates, both in and out of the state, are directly concerned in the questions connected with the state road lease and the convict lease. They are interested to the amount of many millions of dollars in the control of these interests. We have heard and seen very little of all this matter, as important to the state, in this dramatic campaign. The effort to tell it to the people has been drowned in declamation.

That faction of the party has a controlling advantage in the party contests which has the means which to flood every militia district in the states, both in and out of the state, are employed; to send personal canvassers everywhere to interview and talk with people; to supply laborers in the place of voters who will not otherwise leave their work; and to furnish unlimited free transportation to the place of voting. Fifty or a hundred thousand dollars expended in this way, even where there is no corrupt use of it, will accomplish much in the effort to pack primary meetings in a controlling number of counties, regardless of what may be the political sentiment of a majority of the people in such counties.

Gen. JOHN B. GORDON is of Scotch descent, and was born in Georgia in 1832. He was educated for the law, but when the war broke out he was engaged in Alabama mining. He organized a company called the "Raccoon Roughs," which was made part of the 6th Alabama. GORDON was at once elected major, and in 1862 became colonel of the regiment. He distinguished himself by conspicuous bravery at the battle of Seven Pines, in the seven days' battles around Richmond, and at Malvern Hill, but it was at Sharpsburg that he won his principal laurels. He was twice wounded seriously early in the fight, and later on a ball passed through his left arm and another entered his shoulder, but he still persisted in remaining with the handful of his regiment which still survived. While rallying these for a charge a fifth ball passed through his left cheek and brought him to the ground. In April, 1863, he once more reported for active service, and was appointed brigadier general. His record for the year was very brilliant, and in 1864 he distinguished himself at Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania, and elsewhere. It was on his "war record" that he appealed to the Georgia voters and his success was largely due to it. In 1873 he was elected Senator from Georgia, and re-elected in 1879, but resigned in 1880 to attend to his private business. He now reenters the field of official life, for his election is a mere formality.

THE case against the Chicago anarchists is simple enough to be understood clearly by even the most obtuse jury which our absurd jury laws practically compel the courts to select. Here is a body of men secretly bound together, not to break one law simply, but to overthrow all law. They regard all officers of the law as their enemies, and as deserving of death—and thereupon they attempt to murder them by the use of dynamite. They assume that to hold property is a crime, and plan to commit arson and robbery. Their plot aimed at universal destruction; not only did they plot to destroy the lives of men, but to commit wholesale murder of women and children by destroying houses by the use of the deadly dynamite. They are human wolves, and richly deserve death. It is the only punishment which fits their crime, and we rejoice that the chances are good that they will receive their just deserts.

THE Chicago Common Council has taken a step which must also be taken, sooner or later, by the municipal government of every large city in the country. It has passed an ordinance giving the mayor and police board full power to regulate all outdoor meetings and public processions. This gives them the authority to prevent such shameful abuses of the right of free speech and free assemblage as the anarchist meetings and processions. All meetings in the interest of lawlessness and outrage should be stopped peremptorily. There is a broad distinction between liberty and license, and the love of freedom in American bosoms may be trusted to see that the power to suppress such gatherings will never be used to oppress a righteous cause.

WOOL is on the up grade. There are enormous stocks held in the West, notably at St. Louis and Chicago, the holdings in the latter city being estimated at an aggregate of 25,000,000 pounds. The situation appears to be resolved into a trial of strength between Western dealers and Eastern manufacturers, with everything in the market situation at present, as well as the general outlook, in favor of Western holders, and if no unexpected backset should occur, the rise, already about 33½ per cent., is not yet exhausted. The position and action of the market are unusually good, and dry goods dealers are stocking up for the fall trade very early, both with woolen and cotton goods, on the basis of very favorable forecasts of trade, both as to volume and value.

IT is now said that the reason there have been no changes in CLEVELAND'S cabinet as yet is because the President will not allow any resignations if he can help it. It seems to be true that, if they had followed their desires, at least two members of the cabinet—Messrs. MANNING and GARLAND—would have retired last winter, and if another one, Mr. BAYARD, he would have left his position last fall. CLEVELAND has a theory that it is unfortunate for a President to have changes in his cabinet, and is using every endeavor to prevent any resignations. It is now believed that MANNING will return to his position in the treasury early this fall, and that he will serve out his term; also that Attorney General GARLAND will not retire.

IT is said that the reason why the President is so savage in the matter of vetoing pension bills is because, early in his administration, he was shown that the number of people drawing money out of the Treasury was more than there were men in the Confederate army at any one time. Whether this be true or not, it is hard to see what it has to do with the matter. If Mr. CLEVELAND would turn his attention just as rigorously in other directions where money has been and is now being squandered, he would stand much better before the nation, than in thus warring against old soldiers who fought for the country and preserved it from being torn asunder.

MRS. KATE CHASE SPRAGUE is preparing to remove the remains of her father, the great financial secretary of LINCOLN'S cabinet, Hon. SALMON P. CHASE, from Washington to Cincinnati. We are glad of it. CHASE was one of the greatest of Ohio's great sons, and it is meet that his final resting-place should be on her soil. Would that her greatest son, GRANT, might rest there also!

SEC. LAMAR is going to make a trip to the Indian country to investigate the affairs of the red man and inform himself personally of their needs and requirements.

Do You Know It?

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every Stage of the Disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite**, and all forms of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. ☞ BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. **$1** and **$2** per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO.,
No. 18 Dey St., New York.

IT appears, from the proceedings in the case of the unlucky RASSUERS, that there is a peculiar provision of our extradition treaty with Mexico, which needs prompt revision. It is, that in the case of crimes committed in states or territories lying on the frontier, the surrender to the authorities of the other nation may be made by the chief civil authority thereof, or such civil or judicial authorities of the districts or counties bordering on the frontier as may be for this purpose duly authorized by the said chief civil authority of the said frontier states or territories.

Which gives the authority to deliver an accused person over to the officials of the other nation into the hands of the county judge, as was done with poor RASSUERS. It is too grave a responsibility to be deputed to a petty official. The governor of a state or territory should be the only one vested with such power over life and liberty.

THE learned head of the geological survey of Pennsylvania, Prof. CARLL, has much excited the people in the natural gas region about Pittsburg by predicting that the natural gas supply will exhaust itself after a time. He bases his prediction upon the theory that the amount of accumulated gas is being drawn out faster than it is supplied from the unknown laboratories of the earth's interior. It is obvious that, while this seems probable, it is mere guesswork, after all, because the mode of production is entirely unknown. If the theory be true that natural gas is the same substance which is burning inside the earth, and which breaks out in the craters of volcanoes, then Prof. CARLL'S prediction, it is safe to say, will come to naught.

THE new law passed in Massachusetts for the settlement of strikes has gone into effect, the governor having lately appointed the two members who are to select the third, the latter to be the president of this State board of Arbitration and Conciliation. Of course there is nothing arbitrary about this matter, as submission to its decisions is purely voluntary, but it shows legislative approval of the method of arbitration, and provides a non-partisan tribunal to bring matters in dispute for settlement, if the parties so agree. It is, in fact, a step in advance towards a peaceful settlement of difficulties arising between employers and employed.

THE President has nominated GEORGE A. JENKS, formerly assistant secretary of the Interior department, to be Solicitor General JENKS, who retired from the Interior department ostensibly to take charge of a huge estate in Pennsylvania, is now understood to have retired because of his dislike of SPARKS. The selection of JENKS is considered rather unfavorable in its bearing on the case to set aside the BELL patent, as JENKS is understood to have given it as his belief, in the opinion prepared while assistant secretary of the Interior, that there was no collusion in obtaining the BELL patent.

THE liquor question is looming up above all other issues. Over 200 West Virginia Republicans, representing thirty counties, held an important conference at Parkersburg the other day. A resolution was adopted that the question of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors should be submitted to a vote of the people. In the coming campaign a legislature and four Congressmen are to be elected.

THE Maine Democrats nominated an Union soldier, Col. C. S. EDWARDS, as their candidate for governor, and had high hopes of his election on that score. Their candidate's record, however, shows up against him. He is charged under oath with making very offensive speeches against soldiers' organizations, notably the members of the Grand Army, whom he denounced as "political bummers," etc.

HUBERT O. THOMPSON, the dead leader of the New York "county" Democracy, was the facile servant of WM. C. WHITNEY, and his death gives the boom of the Standard oil magnate for the Presidency a very black eye.

THE trouble in Oklahoma promises to break out afresh, and a serious time is expected before those illegally settling upon these lands are ejected by the government.

Correspondence.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

What They Say When They Write to the Blade.

EDITOR BLADE:—I notice in a recent issue of the BLADE a poem entitled "The Drunkard's Wife." The above title is so from the object that this poetry was originally designed to represent, that I felt, as a nephew and namesake of those who actually suffered in that terrible night of storm and snow, that a correction should be made. My uncle, Harrison G. Blake, was not a drunkard, nor the mother who perished a drunkard's wife, nor the child a drunkard's child. The story, in its principal facts, is as follows:

I believe it was in the winter of 1821 that Mr. H. G. Blake, with his wife and babe, undertook to cross the Green mountains from York State to Arlington, Vt. Having reached the foot of the mountain about night, he inquired of the landlord if it would be safe to cross the mountains that night. Being informed that a team could go over in three hours, he started. After traveling several miles there came up one of those mountain storms that sweep over these hills, enveloping them in its white folds, drifting the roads, blinding them in its fury, in the gloom and darkness of the forest, far away from human help.

In this extremity Mr. Blake left his wife and child in the sleigh and pressed forward on foot in search of help, answering each other by calling as long as they could hear. Overcome at last by cold and weariness, Mr. Blake sank helpless and unconscious in the snow. Mr. Blake not returning, the mother started to follow with her child at her breast, but the burden was too great for her chilled and freezing arms, folding in her own wraps, she gently laid the babe in the snowy bed, and pressed forward till she, too, was compelled to lie down on a snowy couch, and during the long winter night father, mother and child lay on the top of the storm swept mountain.

His calls for help had been heard in the valley, and in the morning a party hastened in search of the lost ones. Mr. Blake was first found and carried to a place of shelter. After being revived he said: "My wife and child are on the mountain." Retracing their steps, quite a distance back of where they found Mr. Blake, they found the mother. They raised her up; she breathed a few times and expired. Still further back they found the babe. Unfolding the wraps, it is said the babe looked up and smiled. Only some of its toes were frozen. Mr. Burke lived, but lost most all his toes.

The babe lived, and in 1861 your correspondent visited both Mr. Blake—then an old man, (now dead)—and the child, now a widow, in the city of Cleveland, O. Who the author of the poetry was, I do not know; but the lines have been cherished in our family as a momento of actual suffering, and not the funny sketch of a "Drunkard's Wife."—HARRISON G. MCCULLOCH, Atlanta, Ia.

EDITOR BLADE:—I wish to write and thank you for the sermons you publish of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. We all enjoy reading them so much I hope you will continue to publish them. Also, I so much admire the bold stand you have taken in the temperance cause. It is useless to say that prohibition does not prohibit; it may not absolutely, but it has wrought a wonderful change for the better in this state. It is a very rare thing to see an intoxicated person now, were it used to be an every day occurrence.—F. H. HOLCOM, Council Grove, Kan.

I am a patron of the BLADE and have been for a number of years and expect to be for another year. The BLADE suits me better than any other paper on account of the stand it takes on the rum question and Camp Fire department.—M. BAYER, Hart's Mill, Kan.

I am pleased with your paper and the stand you take on the rum question. It is the greatest curse of everything in this far western country, but the sentiment of prohibition is gaining and we hope yet to succeed. "Pulverize the Rum Power," say I.—W. J. MAGOON, East Portland, Oregon.

DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

Samuel Baker, a Veteran of 1812, Saw Him Die, and Now Exhibits a Piece of His Tanned Skin—An Eye-Witness of Perry's Victory On Lake Erie.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* has invented a survivor of the war of 1812, in the person of Mr. Samuel Baker, of Jackson county, O. He tells the following:

As is natural with old soldiers, Mr. Baker delights to tell of his experiences in the war of 1812. He had marched from Pennsylvania through Ohio to the shores of Lake Erie. He was with Harrison's command at Fort Meigs and relates graphically how Gen. Proctor and Tecumseh stormed that frontier block house and drove our forces out. At Lundy's Lane Mr. Baker was an active fighter. His horse was killed by an 18 pound shot and he himself suffered a broken shoulder when the beast fell with him. In this fight Quartermaster McCrea was shot in the head. His skull was fractured and part of it hung down over his eyes. Our veteran was ordered to take the wounded officer to the rear.

"On the way Drs. Scill and Horner met us," he said. "McCrea recognized them and at once pleaded that he might return to the battlefield and finish his duty. But, poor fellow, he never lived to fight again. I was appointed quartermaster to succeed him when we reached Fort Erie," said Mr. Baker. "Yes, I was a spectator of Perry's Lake Erie victory. It was September 10. We were all anxious for the result, as the chances were much against Perry. But he won, as the world knows."

"It made him a famous figure," I remarked.

"Yes, and spoiled him," said Mr. Baker, "I have often talked with Perry and found him a remarkably clever man. But success turned his head. He became dissipated and reckless later on."

"And you were in the battle of the Thames?"

"Yes, that was where Tecumseh was killed. He had found his last ditch and made his last fight. If you are familiar with the history of that battle, you know that the British Gen. Proctor was a coward. He fled from his command during the fight, leaving his officers and men to fight it out. Tecumseh had 1,500 Indians in ambush. When the red coats had retreated and we thought our victory won, Tecumseh's devils came up with whoops and yells, first discharging their rifles and then plunged among us for a hand to hand fight."

"I remember as if it was yesterday, seeing Tecumseh brandish his tomahawk, and jump at one of our men with fiendish activity and a glare of hate in his eyes. Just then a tall officer dashed up, followed by a lot of Kentucky soldiers. It was Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. He took deliberate aim at Tecumseh, and the chief fell. Then our victory was easy. The red devils fled, and we all gathered around the yet warm body of the noted Indian. The blood was oozing out of a bullet wound in his breast, and was soaking the sash which he wore indicating his rank as a major general in the British army. There was doubt as usual to his identity, but Col. Miller, who had led the successful charge at Lundy's Lane, came up and said:

"'Look at his right leg. Tecumseh was shot in the calf at Fort Meigs. See if there is a scar.'

"Sure enough, as we took off the leggins there was the scar, and everybody rejoiced. Colonel Johnson was congratulated on relieving the nation of such an enemy. But Johnson modestly doubted his honor. He admitted firing at the chief and saw him fall at once. But in the constant fire of battle no one knew who had fired the fatal shot. I sometimes thought that Johnson never wanted to claim the honor, lest the followers of Tecumseh would, with Indian devilry and sneaking, select some of their number to murder Johnson's family at home. Years afterward, at Washington, Colonel Johnson admitted that he was, no doubt, the slayer, but he did not care to talk of it. Perhaps he felt sorry to have killed even an Indian."

"Now, here is a strip of Tecumseh's flesh. It is old and used up, but it is genuine."

Think of it, dear reader, a strip of dried skin, which was once rubbed and scratched, but seldom washed—a piece of Tecumseh cuttele which Mr. Baker has kept for many years. He told me that the Kentuckians skinned the body and divided up the skin as trophies.

"When did you quit the army?"

"In 1814. Toward that time I received a paper from Chambersburg, telling of the British attack on Washington and the burning of the buildings. It was the first news we had, and Gen. Brown, our commander, hearing that I had the paper, sent for me. He was terribly excited when he read the news, and, jumping up, declared: 'If I had been there with my army I would have strewn the plain with red coats before I would have allowed them to burn our Capitol.'"

Mr. Baker was appointed consul to Valparaiso by Jackson. The position was not lovely. In fifteen months he returned. Mr. Baker was desirous of living out or over the allotted life of man, but he feels sure that he would never have become a nonogenarian had he remained in Chili. Two or three murders every night made the place lively, and no measures were taken for protection or punishment. A Virginian named Sloane, who succeeded Baker, was killed in front of his own house two months after his arrival.

Mr. Baker was a witness of the Webster-Hayne debate which he describes as a magnificent oratorical tournament. He also frequently met John Quincy Adams, who was known in Washington as the "Walking Encyclopedia."

"I saw or heard him every morning," said Mr. Baker. "He would go below my window early on his way to take a swim in the Potomac. He would always take a servant along, and I could tell their steps."

Despite his friendship for such Democrats as Jackson and Buchanan, Mr. Baker has always been a Republican. He was twice auditor of Jackson county, and has never missed an election save when in Chili. Even now, while too feeble to walk to the polls, he is taken in a buggy and carried in the arms of some sturdy candidate to the ballot box. He is always interested in the candidates, and yet says that if he had his long life to live over again he would never dabble in politics.

Regarding the narrative above given of the death of Tecumseh, the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* says:

"The old story was that Johnson had been wounded and his horse killed, and in the fall of the horse the colonel had been caught, so that he could not rise. An Indian tried to tomahawk Johnson, who killed him with a pistol. The old soldier has an alleged piece of Tecumseh's skin. It is true that the Kentuckians, believing the Indian killed by Johnson to be Tecumseh, skinned him, and had a belt of the skin of Tecumseh were long displayed as trophies. It never was quite certain that the Indian killed by Johnson was Tecumseh, but it is certain that he wore silver ornaments, showing him to be a warrior of great distinction. The traditions are that Tecumseh was a very great man. He was the first great native Ohio man. His birthplace is near Enon. The reputation of killing him made Johnson Vice President."

—Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

A Cruel Boycott.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Another instance of personal boycott has grown out of the boycott against Mrs. Landgraff, the widow baker, about which the whole country has been informed. A daughter of Mrs. Landgraff was married. She worked with her husband in a cigar factory, he at rolling the weed and she at putting up bunches. The mother sought to help the young couple along and atone for a lack of dowry, perhaps, by sending them every morning a gift of fresh rolls for breakfast. When the boycott went into operation they were ordered to obtain their rolls at some other bakery. They refused to do this, and the boycott fell upon them. At the order of the union their employer discharged them. They sought work elsewhere together and individually, but the blacklist preceded them everywhere, and they were turned away. Poverty has finally driven them to promise to reject their mother's gifts, and they have found employment, the boycotters taking hold to assist them.

A $200,000 Fire.

CARSON CITY, Mich., July 28.—It is reported here that Samuel Fulham's saw and shingle mill at Gowen, together with 40,000,000 feet of lumber and 10,000,000 shingles, burned yesterday. Loss, $200,000; insurance, $150,000. The fire is supposed to have started from a spark from the mill.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric Appliances on thirty days trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars mailed free. Write them at once.

THE ONLY WAY

to expel the germs of Malaria from the system is to employ a medicine that will purify and enrich the blood by strengthening the digestive, secretory and assimilative organs. Quinine does not do this; nor does arsenic; nor either nor all of the many drugs and nostrums offered

To "Cure the Chills."

For the only effective treatment, which must be constitutional, you can find no medicine so good as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It expels Malarial Poisons, and is the best preventive of Chills and Malarial Fever you can use. No person living in a district infected by Malaria, or liable to travel where it is, should neglect the precaution of taking

Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY

to an extent sufficient to fortify the system against this great danger. No stronger evidence of its effectiveness could be desired than the certainty with which it cures those most obstinate complaints, Kidney diseases.

Persons wishing advice regarding their own case, write to Dr. Kennedy, at Rondout, N. Y., and enclose stamp.

Pardoned by the President.

SAN ANTONIO, July 28.—Col. Nelson Plato, formerly collector of customs at Corpus Christi, who was convicted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for embezzlement while in office, last night received a telegram from Washington, announcing his pardon by the President. Plato wept when he received the dispatch.

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS' WIVES AND FRUIT GROWERS.

Mrs. S. D. Power's "Fruit Pastes and Syrups" gives the details of a new and important home industry. The *Garden*, the leading horticultural journal of America, quotes the editorial opinion, "The salvation of the profits of our fruit crop is in the methods of this little book." Its recipes are fresh, not a dozen ever appearing before in any American recipe book. They give the methods by which French cooks prepare the crystallized fruits and choice syrups which are exported by millions of dollars worth, and form a leading industry of the South of Europe. Hostesses who entertain elegantly will find the rare recipes from old English MS. of ladies of high degree. The settler's wife, who misses Eastern orchards, will find in the chapter "For the Far West," how to preserve wild fruits, whose value is hardly known, or to use pumpkins, carrots and other substitutes in inviting forms as fruit. The Southern women will find a chapter especially for their native fruits unknown at the North, and besides this, explicit instructions how to pack and ship preserves for market, and how to find a market for them. Already women are making welcome additions to their incomes, by selling home made preserves, and the fruit syrups so delicious as beverages in warm weather. The book is practical and interesting. Every housekeeper; every woman who wishes to add to her income by a quiet and profitable occupation; every farmer who wants to make the most profit from his fruit crop should send for it at once, as fruits are ripening. Agents find it a quick selling book. Price postpaid, 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NEW PORTRAITS.

The BLADE has just published four elegant new lithograph portraits of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin. Believing that portraits of these eminent divines would be appreciated by the readers of the BLADE, we have had engravings made at a great expense, reproducing four excellent old portraits, said to be the best extant. We print these portraits on heavy plate paper, size 19x24, uniform with those of the three great Generals recently published by us. We believe our portraits of the two Wesleys, Luther and Calvin, are now the only ones on sale in this country, and every Christian family in the land should own a set of them. We have made them fine enough to grace the most elegant mansion, and they will certainly do honor to anybody's home. Believing that we shall have demand for several hundred thousand copies, as in case of the three great generals, we shall make the price within reach of all. We mail them securely packed in strong pasteboard tube, postage prepaid, at 25 cents single copy, or the whole set (four portraits) for 65 cents.

We also have in stock portraits of the three great generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan (uniform with above), at 25 cents each, or the three 50 cents.

We will mail postpaid to any adress both sets of these portraits for one dollar. Special terms to agents made known on application. Address—
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued cartoons, for posting, which have been scattered all over the United States. Of these we have sent out gratis more than *one million*, which is our contribution to the great cause We want every friend of temperance to aid us in giving them wide circulation.

NO. 1.
Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labeled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of intemperance.

NO. 2.
"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward one comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz.: The street boy, already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

NO. 3.
"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceded it.

NO. 4.
"In Which Village Would You Bring Up Your Children?"

It is an exceedingly spirited illustration of two villages, one under Prohibition rule and the other under the control of the Rum mills. It is quite as effective as its three predecessors, and will do as much toward arousing the public sentiment upon this great question. Those who have ordered the three preceding ones should add this immediately.

NO. 5.
"This Farmer Never Drank Whisky --This One Drinks All He Can Get."

It is quite as effective as its predecessors. On the one side is a farm house looking as do all farm houses where whisky never got a hold, clean, neat and prosperous. On the other side of the sheet is a farm house whose proprietor does drink, slovenly, shiftless-looking, and wrecked as possible. The contrast is sharply drawn and the picture is a most effective one.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents,
Six copies	10 cents,
Twenty-five copies	30 cents,
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

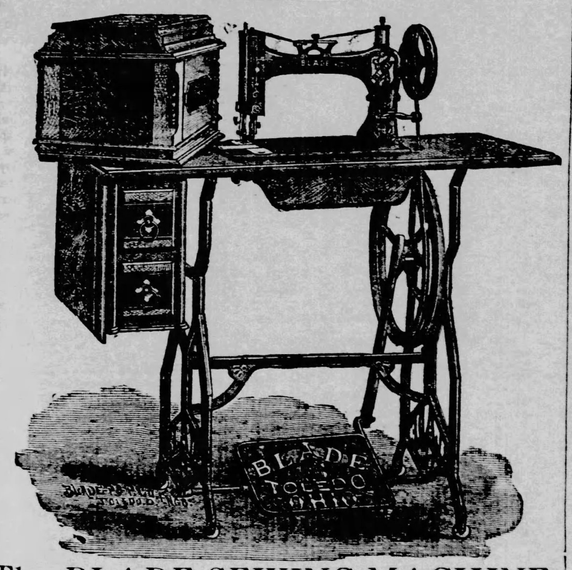
This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN SEWING MACHINES.

The Best Machine in the World at Less Than Half Price.



The BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

Please Read This Carefully.

The above is a correct representation of the BLADE Sewing Machine, made by the BLADE Company for the sole purpose of breaking the crushing Monopoly in this the most useful of all domestic helps.

It is the best machine, stands without a peer, and, the most useful machine ever put upon the market.

It will do any and all work that can possibly be wanted in any family.

It will cross heavier seams, or work from thin to thick goods, better than any machine ever made, without changing tension or length of stitch.

It is a marvel of simplicity, consequently light-running and still.

It is a double back-feed, not an old side-feed machine, and does not pucker the goods in changing length of stitch.

It has decidedly the best loose wheel of any made; always ready for action.

It is unquestionably the neatest design of any machine ever placed upon the market, with wood-work unsurpassed in quality and finish, while the ornamentation is unexcelled.

The hand wheel and all bright parts are heavily nickeled, almost equal to silver.

Bear in mind that it is not made up of old expired patents free to all, but the improvements are original with this machine, owned by us, and not used by any other Sewing Company.

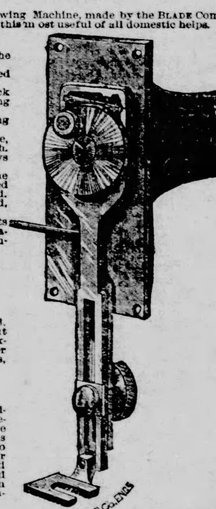
Almost the entire machine is an improved principle.

BEAR THIS IN MIND:

The old monopoly machines are not sold at less than $33. There have been machines advertised for $18 and $30, but these are either machines built of cheap material, from expired patents which have none of the New improvements, or are old machines rebuilt. In either case they are worthless, or nearly so.

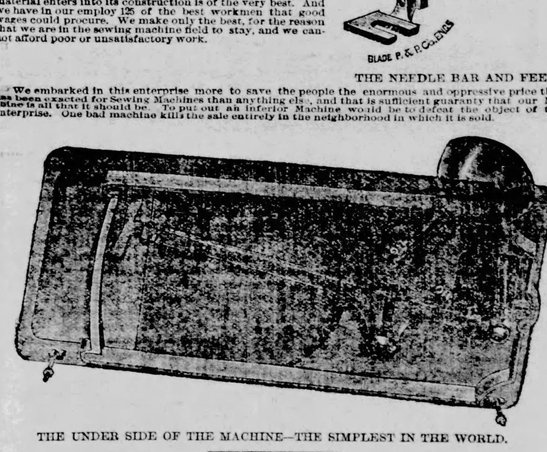
ONCE MORE BEAR THIS IN MIND:

The Blade Machine is built upon an entirely new principle, the patents of which are owned by us. It has improvements possessed by no other machine, it is built from the stand, up, in our own factory, only the very best material is used, and every part is perfect. Where steel is necessary to durability and good working, steel is used, and whatever material enters into its construction is of the very best. And we have in our employ 125 of the best workmen that good wages could procure. We make only the best, for the reason that we are in the sewing machine field to stay, and we cannot afford poor or unsatisfactory work.



THE NEEDLE BAR AND FEED.

We embarked in this enterprise more to save the people the enormous and oppressive price that has been exacted for Sewing Machines than anything else, and that is sufficient guaranty that our Machine is all that it should be. To put out an inferior Machine would be to defeat the object of the enterprise. One bad machine kills the sale entirely in the neighborhood in which it is sold.



THE UNDER SIDE OF THE MACHINE—THE SIMPLEST IN THE WORLD.

IS OUR MACHINE GOOD?
READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

And remember they are all from living people who can be reached by mail:

SNEDSBURG, IA., June 16, 1886.
We have received your machine and we like it very much. It is not hard to understand, and it is a light-running machine.
MR. FRED. ALSON.

LA PRAIRIE, June 15, 1866.
Our machine arrived in good order, and would just say we are well pleased with it after giving it a trial, and it is a handsomer machine than we expected for the money. It looks better, if anything than the $45 ones the agent has been trying to sell us. There is several wanting to see it, as they want a good machine, when it is so cheap.
WM. ANDERSON.

ELK CITY, Kas., June 15, 1886.
The machine got here all right, and my wife is well pleased with it so far as she has tried it. She has gone on a visit, and as soon as she gets back she will give it a thorough trial, and then she will write you about it. Every one that sees it thinks it is a daisy.
W. J. WALKER.

WAYLAND, N. Y., June 15, 1886.
May machine came June 11. We sent for it nearly four months ago, but it finally came all right. My wife likes it very much. Does good work and is equal to the highest priced machines. Others are talking of sending for them.
GEO. J. SCHWINGLE.

ISHPEMING, May 25, 1886.
The sewing machine arrived in good order; the machine is in all senses of the word above my expectation. In looks it is a beauty, it does beautiful work, and my wife is very much pleased. She has given it a thorough test, and the more she uses it the better she likes it. She has a good Domestic machine, and thought that she could never get a better one, but she is of a different opinion now, and thinks that the difference in price should be reversed. She praises you very much for your success in getting up such a masterpiece of work for such a small amount of money, and will recommend itself wherever it goes.
AUGUST BEERLING.

LOWE'S, GRAVES CO., KY., June 17, 1886.
After three and a half long and vexatious months, the machines arrived. Mrs. Carrico and my wife had, in consequence of the delay, growled and fretted and frothed at the mouth, till it was actually dangerous to be near them. And I had almost concluded that they would not allow them carried into the house, but they did, and when I removed the crate and brushed off the machine, I asked my wife how she felt toward the Blade Company. Her reply was "a little better." I run a few pieces of muslin through, and then asked her how she felt toward the Blade Company. She replied "very well." I then sewed a piece of jeans four double, and asked the question again, and she replied that "the Blade Company are gentlemen of the first water." Mrs. C. says she would not take $50 for hers. You had best make 100 more than you had anticipated for this end of the country. They are going to have them.
Respectfully,
W. E. BOSWELL.

N. B.—After using the machine two weeks, I pronounce it a success.
Respectfully,
MATTIE BOSWELL.

GRANTVILLE, Jefferson County, Kas., June 17, 1886.
The sewing machine came all right. It works all right, runs lighter than and makes as neat a stitch as any machine we ever used. We are well pleased with it, and think we have a good bargain in the purchase. We can fully recommend the machine.
T. MORRIS,
Pastor of M. E. Church.

SIBLEY, Hardin County, Tenn., June 13, 1886.
We received our machine a few weeks ago and like it very much. It does good, nice work. I can use all of the attachments. We think it is a good machine, and will recommend it as such to all who want a good, nice and cheap sewing machine.
ANNIE C. HOGDINE.

DO YOU WANT MORE PROOF?

We don't see how you can. We are receiving hundreds of letters like these every day. Of course there have been some complaints, but those were from machines that were injured in transit, or from people who did not quite understand the working of it. But those machines were made good at once, so we can safely say that the Machine has given satisfaction in every case.

A GOOD WARRANTY.
THE BLADE COMPANY WARRANTS EVERY MACHINE

To be exactly as represented, and everybody in the United States knows that the BLADE'S Warranty is as good as gold.

Over 2,000 of the Blade Machines are now in use in the United States.

They have gone in every State and Territory, and no Machine was ever sold that has given such universal satisfaction. The ladies using them are delighted with them, and in less than another year it will be the standard machine of the United States.

WHY IS THIS?

Because the Machine was perfected before it was commenced being made for the market. We did not experiment upon the people. Mr. G. F. Danielson, the inventor, made seven different machines by hand, before he showed it to anybody, and then not until he had it perfect in every part. Then the moment the tools were made for the different parts, we commenced turning out the machine as he had it perfected. It is a perfect machine and will be the leading machine for years. It will do more kinds of work, and better work than any other machine. It runs easier and with less noise, and is more reliable and durable. It is a perfect machine, and it will be a long day before it is equalled. We are willing to put it in competition with any high priced machine on the market, both as regards work and appearance. Don't let Sewing Maching Agents prejudice you against it. We are saving you $15 or $20 in price and warrant as good an article as the best.

ORDERS FILLED NOW AT ONCE.

We have caught up with our back orders, our factory is running like clock work, and we can fill orders now the same day they are received. There will be no more delay. Those in want of machines will be sure of receiving them as soon as the roads can carry them. Therefore,

ORDER AT ONCE.

Don't wait till the fall of the year when we shall be crowded, but order now and be in readiness for your fall's sewing.

OUR OUTFIT.

The following are the attachments furnished with the BLADE SEWING MACHINE:
One dozen assorted self-setting Needles; six Bobbins; one Oil Can, filled with oil; two Screw-driver, one for machine, the other for shuttle; one Thread-Cutter; one Wrench; one Ruffler, which will do Piping, Edge-Stitching and Stitching in Four Rememes; one Under; one Tuck Marker; one Thumb-screw; one Quilting Guide; one highly-illustrated Book of Instructions, with valuable hints on the care of a Machine; one Cloth Presser Lifter, and one extra Cloth Presser spring.

TERMS:

The Blade Sewing Machine, warranted, and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

Machines will be shipped by Freight or Express, as directed in the order. We advise shipping by freight, as they go as safely at one-third the cost.

Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

FAMILY SAFES

For farmers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and all classes, to protect their valuables—papers, money, jewelry, etc. Price, $30 each, within the reach of all. Agents wanted. No competition.
One agent sold 125 in 15 days.
Another agent sold 27 in 3 days.
Another agent sold 31 in 9 days.
Another agent sold 15 in 1 day.
Vienna M'f'g. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Why Suffer With Lame Back?

This Compound Magnetic Belt positively cures Lame Back, Weak Kidneys, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, etc. Tones up the system generally, and worth its weight in gold. Guaranteed advantages over any other belt made. Our price only $5. 3,000 references. Give waist measure. Call or address
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SOLDIERS! Footfalls of Loyalty (war letters) goes directly into your relief funds. Write for particulars. Mrs. Mary W. Westcott, Swanton, Neb.

HEIRS wanted of Stephen A. Stiles, deceased. He was a merchant and a bachelor; died in the South 1864, at age 40; supposed to have been a native of New York or Massachusetts.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

TABLE ECONOMY.

It is often said that American families waste enough in their ordinary every-day life to keep one household going comfortably, and there is, doubtless, more truth than poetry in the assertion. The travelers in France, who know something of the domestic economy there, say that the French can get up an irreproachable meal out of what here would find its way into the scrap barrel. Indeed, there is no country in the world where the table expenditure is so lavish as here, and I might add, too, none where the people live so generously in all ways. It is not, however, with good living that fault should be found, but of a needless waste in the endeavor to satisfy the taste and appetite, and it is largely this that gives our people, men and women, that worried, anxious look in striving to make both ends meet, which has almost become a national characteristic. A more simple diet every day would be a blessing to the family stomach, to the weary housekeeper, and to the brains and pockets of the business head of the household.

By a more frugal style of living, I do not mean niggardliness. Far from it. A table may be bountifully supplied with good, wholesome food, and yet little be left to throw away. In the first place, it is folly to place so many varieties of articles upon the family board at any single meal. If persons of wealth chose to do it, if they want to offer a premium to dyspepsia, gout and the other crowd of diseases that flock after table indulgence, let them, but ordinary people will be wise to keep their daily bill-of-fare within smaller limits. Whatever is purchased should be the very best of its kind even if it costs a little more. It is a very foolish economy that dictates the buying of an inferior article because it is cheaper. Better pay a good price for a good thing even if it limits the quantity, or cuts off something else. It is a truth that may be classed as an axiom, that the better the material the more palatable the dish prepared from it—unless spoiled in the preparing—and it is folly to expect it to be otherwise. For instance, I have known persons to buy four or five kinds of vegetables to be served at one meal, and then spoil every one by using poor butter in their cooking. Two kinds—which are ample with meat, or even one—bought fresh and crisp, and then what was paid for the rest used in getting fresh, sweet butter, and the meal would have been much better. At least one-half of each was carried from the table, to be thrown with refuse matter, and the same thing is repeated day after day.

"Oh, vegetables don't cost much," some one says. No, just the vegetables themselves do not, counting for one day, but the aggregate for the year is considerable. Then there is to be added what is used in making them palatable, the fuel in their cooking, and the physical strength expended, all of which may be looked upon as cast into the great reservoir of waste.

One of the most expensive articles of food that is put upon the table is meat, yet many families insist upon it twice at least, and often, three times a day. Without stopping to consider whether this is a physical necessity or not, which I by no means believe it to be, if the most was made of what is bought it would not be so bad, but it rarely is. Every particle should be utilized to advantage, even what is usually discarded as tough and stringy.

I remember hearing a lady who resides in New York tell of her experience with a French man cook. She had been looking for an honest, capable girl, and was almost in despair, when this man, who had just come to this country, and could not speak a word of English, was recommended to her, she being able to converse in his language fluently. It was an experiment, but a cook was a necessity just then, and she made it. The first day he came to her to know what she would have for dinner. She told him a roast of some kind, and sent him to market to procure it. I do not now remember what it was he brought home, only that it cost what she had usually paid for enough meat for two meals, and it lasted the family four days. Now do not raise your hands in horror. He made his own choice of a piece, which was not of the most expensive part, had brought it home, cut off what he did not want in the roast, took out the bones, and then went to work. The roast was first boiled until tender, then baked with frequent bastings, and it was delicious. What was left came on the second day garnished with parsely and delicious little browned potato balls, with some admirable dressing that made the whole perfection. Then the odds and ends were used in some other form, finally a hash appeared, and last but not least, to her infinite amazement, he brought on a fine soup from the bones. She said that they had never lived so well and so cheaply as during the few months he remained with her, but alas! with the fleeting character of all blessings, when she felt that she could not do without him, he took wings and flew away, or to speak prosaically, he was offered much higher wages than she could possibly afford to pay, to preside over the culinary department of a restaurant, and she lost him.

The great secret of his success was not only in knowing how to cook things well, but to do it without waste. He bought wisely, and then never threw away a scrap of anything. Every piece of bread, every inch of meat, every particle of a vegetable, was turned into something palatable. He did not buy hap-hazard, but made his calculations with nicety and was never found wanting.

I mention this instance because it happens to come to my mind, to demonstrate that there is such a thing as both buying closely and cooking carefully with regard to quantity, and yet without being stingy. I would not recommend any one to follow the example of a man I heard of, who would go to a restaurant where oysters were sold by the dozen, and call for "a quarter of a dozen and lots of soup," not unless the lack of one material was made up with another which brought it to a palatable and nutritious condition. I have known more than one housekeeper who "could make a little go a great ways," and yet not one of them that know the secret of preparing such a variety of dishes out of what are usually termed "scraps." Perhaps it is because there has been such an abundance of good material in this country which could be so easily obtained, that the necessity was not so apparent, but the time has come when the masses of people must study economy in living in order to be prosperous, or even comfortable.

The waste of food, and the multiplication of articles placed upon the table, are not by any means entirely due to the lack of thrift in the wife or housekeeper. Men, oftener than women, are exacting about what is put before them to eat. They want "what is going" even if they grumble when the bills come in. Nor are they going to eat things "warmed over"—if they know it. One man, by no means a millionaire I know of, who gave imperative orders that no roast of less than six pounds should ever be served, because a smaller one, he thought, was not so good, and then what was left was never to make its appearance again under any form. As the family was small, there was a great deal to be given or thrown away. A criminal waste, of course, it was, and not many are foolish to that extent, and yet, I fancy, very many housekeepers have had the same sort of experience, even if different in degree. In fact, it is a common understanding that a family will live upon a much smaller sum of money in proportion when the "lord and master" is absent, and live just as well as when he is there, the difference lying in the smaller variety demanded, and in what women call "picked up" meals, that is, made up of pieces left over, which the masculine eye and taste in general would regard with scorn.

I think, as a people, we could practice more economy in our table-living and live in a happier condition of body and mind, while our pocket-books would be in a more plethoric condition at the end of the year. A smaller variety at each meal, more careful buying, and the utilizing of all that is bought, would leave money for the purchase of other desirable things. Buy the best, and by that I mean, not the most expensive, the luxuries that are often not healthful, but the best in quality. If then such materials are cooked as they should be, the daily living will be wholesome and pleasant, and the expenditures reasonable.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Easel Drape.—Get a yard of fine sheer linen lawn. Hem it across the bottom, trim it with broad lace, and over it sew fancy balls or tassels. Draw an irregular pattern of lines crossing each other for a quarter of a yard above the hem and follow it with fine tinsel thread. Wherever it crosses, make a small star with different-colored fancy silks. Tie it to the easel with a bow made of different-colored satin ribbons.

Toilet Set.—Cut out squares of Swiss muslin, or circles if liked better, for mats, and also a covering for the cushion. In the center of each etch a flower or a letter. Cover the cushion first with a white silesia, putting the shiny side out, then put on the muslin, in the same thing for the mats. Now sew a long strip of white muslin, two inches wide. Whip both edges with blue, then plait it up through the center and sew around cushion and around the edges of the mats. These strips need to be just three times the length of the cushion or mat it is to go around.—ED.

A Fine Cushion for My Dresser.—I took a piece of muslin six inches square, sewed it up all but one side, then filled it with cotton and finished that side. I took yellow satin, cut two pieces the size of my muslin, or a trifle larger, placed them over the cushion, one on each side, and whipped the edges together real nicely. Take cream silk lace and sew around where the satin is joined. On one corner sew a piece of brown satin and embroider or paint a bunch of daisies on it. Mine are painted and they look lovely.

Painted Fan.—I have just finished painting me a fan that I think is handsome, and thought you might like to tell the readers of the BLADE how I made it. I took a palm leaf fan and painted the entire fan in imitation of a pansy; each side is painted like pansies, but of different kinds. I got pansies and took my ideas directly from them. One side is a purple with cream center, the other a dark red with light center streaked with yellow; paint the handle green to look like the stem. Any one that can paint and draw could get their pansies and have no trouble in making one, and I am sure they would pleased with the result.—ELLA HULL, Murphysboro, Ill.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and knit; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind or cast off; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p c, picot; sc, shell crochet; ct st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Handsome Wide Knitted Lace.—Cast on 27 stitches—1st row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 8 —o—p 2 tog—k 2—o—n—k 6—o—p 2 tog; 2d row—o—p 2 tog—k 5—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 3d row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 11—o—p 2 tog; 4th row: o—p 2 tog—k 11—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 5th row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 5—o—p 2 tog; 6th row: o—p 2 tog—k 7—o—p 2 tog—k 11—o—p 2 tog—k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 7th row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 13—o—p 2 tog; 8th row: o—p 2 tog—k 13—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 9th row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 5—o—p 2 tog; 10th row: o—p 2 tog—k 9—o—p 2 tog—k 2—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 11th row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 10—sl 6—o—p 2 tog; 12th row: o—p 2 tog—k 10—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 13th row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 2—o 2—n—k 6—o—p 2 tog; 14th row: o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 15th row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 11—o—p 2 tog; 16th row: o—p 2 tog—k 11—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 17th row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1—o—p 2 tog—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 5—o—p 2 tog; 18th row: o—p 2 tog—k 7—o—p 2 tog—k 2—p 2 tog—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 19th row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 13—o—p 2 tog; 20th row: o—p 2 tog—k 13—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p n 2 tog—k 3; 21st row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 5—o—p 2 tog; 22d row: o—p 2 tog—k 7—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 3; 23d row: k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 10—sl 6—o—p 2 tog; 24th row: o—p 2 tog—k 10—o—p 2 tog—k 8—o—p 2 tog—k 3. Repeat from the first row.—MRS. RINGLER, Saginaw City, Mich.

Fan Edging.—Chain 25 stitches. 1st row—3 dc in ch—3 dc in the 4th st of ch—7 ch—1 dc in the 15th st of ch—3 ch*—1 dc in same place—7 ch—3 dc—2 ch—3 dc in last st of ch; the enclosed is called a shell. 2d row—3 ch—shell in shell—5 ch—8 dc in the 3 ch marked by a star of 1st row—5 ch—1 shell fasten down to 1st shell with sc. 3d row—3 ch—shell—5 ch—1 dc between each one of the dc of last row, with 1 ch between each dc—3 ch—shell—1 dc in 3 ch on top. 4th row—3 ch—shell—3 dc between each one of the dc of last row; when there are 9 dc, or half across, ch 1*; then make the other 9 dc—shell—1 dc in little loop on end—1 ch—1 dc—1 ch till there are 10 dc; turn—5 ch—1 sc between each dc; this makes the scallop on the end 1 ch. 5th row—shell—ch 7—1 dc—3 ch—1 dc under the 7 ch marked by a star in the 4th row—ch 7—shell—1 dc in 3 ch on top. Begin at 2d row. It is pretty made of No. 40 or 50 thread.—JESSIE CARLISLE.

Correspondence.

A STRAY BIT.—Tom Moore once wrote:

"I never loved a bird or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away,"

and I write,

I'm pausing at the Household door;
Oh, let me in; I shall not stay.

I fear it is not that I have anything of general interest to impart, for I am not, in the least, accomplished. I cannot paint, embroider or crochet, have no "knack" at fancy work, do not "draw" in autumn leaves and hanging in my "best room," no caged canaries and thrifty house plants in its windows. I am not even a school-ma-am! Only a farmer's wife, who can work, wash dishes, sweep, dust and so forth. Yet, when it comes down right practical farm work, I am right at home. Come and visit me and I'll show you the very currant bush under which last summer the old Buff Cochin hen laid three "settin's" of eggs and hatched her three flocks of chicks, too. I'll point you to the identical crack in the garden fence, that the little spotted pig crept in through when he stooled up the "sweet potatoes" last fall, and tell you, how, for revenge, with a swine-ringer in one hand and a pail of milk in the other I "got up a corner" on him and placed a jewel in his nose; then, lead you to the exact spot by the roadside where misused piggie slept all alone that night, because Mr. P., seeing his ring, concluded a stray porker had gotten among his herds and turned him out into the highway. If you will "stay for supper," (we don't "take tea" away out here in the country) I'll bake some of those light cakes my men folks "set sech store by," and draw the tea in a teapot that once was my great grandmother's"; after you have "made out a meal," while your children play with mine in the front yard, we'll go into the "settin'" room, take the "rockin'" chairs, and have a good social chat. Yet, ah! perhaps I am making myself too familiar. In conclusion, I mention that my head bears the weight of an abundance of hair, three feet in length; the color? oh! how exasperating to have hair the color of "you know not what."

A reddish brown,
By some 'tis said,
And others say,
An auburn red.

But I would rather say "oh!" again than confess the truth in this instance.—GRACE S. BURGESS.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN SILK CULTURE.—It is not generally known that cocoons make beautiful fancy work. We have seen specimens of roses and buds, marguerites, sunflowers and pansies, suitable for millinery, neck-laces, tidies, banners, sofa cushions, and many other beautiful things. The pierced cocoons may be dyed any shade, carded and spun like wool, which is suitable for knitting lace, mittens, embroidery and various other things. Hand reels may be bought very cheap. To raise cocoons for fancy work the worms need not be fed more than twice a day. We can not agree with a recently published article on "Silk Culture in Illinois." The facts are the business has made very little progress in this state.

We know of no place where "eggs can be had for the hatching." The president of the W. G. C. association (Mrs. M. C. Buckner, of Peoria) advertised eggs at the market price. We can get any quantity of mulberry trees from silk culturists, 18 inches, for 10 cents apiece instead of 70 cents; slips at the rate of 50 cents per hundred, which grow as easy as willows.

There is not a fortune in silk raising. Like any other business on a small scale, if you hire the work done it eats up the profits. The greatest difficulty is the government has failed so far to protect and properly encourage the industry by giving the European price for cocoons. In France it took 100 years' experience to make silk culture a profitable industry. There are some persons who always make a success, by their tact, of anything they undertake, and others who always fail. It is true of poultry raising and other domestic employments.

I can give the name to any reader of this paper of a lady and her daughter twelve years of age, who during the last season made over $50 in fancy work made of cocoons, and she expects to double the profit this season without employing any outside help.—MRS. R. COPE, Flora, Clay Co., Ill.

SAID "PRACTICAL."—"Having the care of a house on her mind, she will spend the rest of her days doing drudgery (for uncongenial work is drudgery)." The definition is correct, but no woman should consider the care of her house anything but a pleasant duty. When a girl takes unto herself a partner for life, unless she marries a mint, she must know if she stops to think, what is before her. To a girl, however, standing on the brink of a new life, everything looks flowery and bright; hope is high, love is supreme. The manly form by her side she sees, will shield her from all sorrow and care and pain. Years go by. Breadwinning is no easy task, and her companion on coming home from work at night, tired and worn, picks up a paper and begins to read. Forgetting that she has taken time to read while he was off at work, she sighs. Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, she meditates, and as she clears the supper table and puts the babies to bed she is far from happy. "In the good old days of yore, if he hadn't seen me for a whole day he was glad enough to talk to me. What have I gained? When I was a girl teaching school, I had plenty of cash, and not this everlasting cook, wash, scrub and bake."

Such was my experience, when through a bad investment in sheep a few years ago, we were obliged to leave a pretty little home, which my friends called "The Greenhouse," and move on to a cheap farm to retrieve our fallen fortunes. I still tried to have my flowers. All around the house I planted vines, and vines for a summer-house. The irrigating ditcher (it was a new farm) did not get done in time; we carried water for the house from a spring fully a quarter of a mile away, and even the waste water would not suffice to keep the vines alive.

We had but six hens for having a stock farm only, there were no stacks of grain and all the feed had to be bought. Unlike many women who tell their troubles to the HOUSEHOLD, my husband's pocket-book is always open to me, but I scarcely ever find enough therein to justify me in taking any more than will barely suffice to supply my needs, let alone my wants.

I then resolved to try poultry raising.

"There is no money in poultry in Colorado," had always been told me.

For a year or two I was almost convinced they did not pay myself, but through the FARM and HOUSEHOLD columns of the BLADE I learned how to make hens lay. During the months of February, March and April I sold $2 70 worth of eggs from 22 brown Leghorn pullets and six mongrel hens. My hens laid all last winter and have done so ever since.

Recently we bought more. Eggs are going up in price, and while two of my nearest neighbors get seven and twelve eggs from their fine Leghorns, mine, mongrel hens, my leghorns lay from 33 to 43 every day.

Since I have done so well with poultry, I take more interest in the farm at large, have pet crops of my own. I enjoy working in the garden because the chickens like onions, radishes, lettuce, parsley, cabbage and peas. I even find myself writing farm and field, poultry and horticultural notes for one of the state papers.

As "Practical" wrote—have a purpose in life. To the farmer's wife—take an interest in the farm. In this day of cheap wheat and labor troubles the poultry yard and our land need encouragement and help. If you happen to earn a little money, don't put it in your pocket and say "This is mine to spend as I please," but, if need be, let it go to the common needs of the home. Every one does not care to raise chickens, but there certainly must be some room on all farms who wish may do, without leaving the house to the care of strangers. Children should not be left all day. As others have done, let each member of the HOUSEHOLD tell what she is doing.—EMMA J. NELLETTE, Langford, Col.

The above letter is exceedingly interesting, the closing suggestion a most excellent one, and what the editor has long desired. The practical experience in any given line of one person will help someone else. What we want to do is to assist one another. That, and that anything suggested be the object of the HOUSEHOLD. If you have been successful in any undertaking, especially if it be in a new line for a woman, be sure that your experience will give some other woman courage. And by undertaking we do not mean a money-making venture, but anything pertaining to woman's life and work.—ED.

SEVERAL THINGS.—Home friends, I have only been a reader of the BLADE a few weeks, but like it so well that I would like to become a member of the HOUSEHOLD. I was much interested in "R. M. W.'s" letter on intemperance and the duty of the women who have drunken husbands. I am of the same opinion as "R. M." I think if wives would separate themselves from such husbands, under the promise to live with them again after they reform, there would be many more reformers in the world than where the weak, heart-broken wife goes on living with her brutal husband, year after year, sacrificing her life, the lives of her children, "Yea even unto the third and fourth generation." Why is there no law against the greatest evil in the world? If a poor woman steals a loaf of bread for her starving children, there is a law to punish her; but the saloon keeper may steal her husband, his money, his life, his soul and there is not a finger raised against him. Why will he not be held accountable for this crime? Oh! if every young girl would think of these things before she marries, and act accordingly, what a world of misery would be spared.

I think if "Zenobia" had stopped in Illinois when the "western fever" struck her, she would have "turned a pretty penny," for surely there is no fairer land, and when one sees her lovely cities and finely improved farms, who shall say that this is not the "garden spot?"

I am a busy housekeeper, with three small children. I like to read the advice and try the recipes in the HOUSEHOLD, so will offer my mite. This is the way I make potato salad, and we all like it: Boil about eight medium-sized potatoes in their jackets. When cold chop them up, add three or four hard-boiled eggs chopped, a small onion chopped, salt, pepper, and enough vinegar to taste good, and it is ready for use. We also eat a good deal of egg on toast for breakfast. I toast the bread a nice brown over the coals, just moisten it with boiling water and spread on plenty of good butter, then I set it in the oven until the butter is all melted and then lay on each piece of toast a soft-boiled egg (break the egg in boiling water and cook until the white is cooked). I think most any one would like it. I will tell how I bake beans almost as good as Boston-baked, if any one would like to know.—IDELL, Oak Grove, Ill.

IT is now proposed to open a new department in the BLADE, to be entirely devoted to answering questions about diseases and their cure. A first-class physician has been engaged to give prescriptions and mode of treatment, as indicated by symptoms described. No queries will be noticed except from BLADE subscribers, and they will be answered strictly in the order in which they are received. To insure attention, carry out the following regulations strictly: (1) Write out clearly and briefly what you want to know. (2) Sign your real name and postoffice address. (3) Don't send any other requests in the same letter, nor make medical queries a part of a letter on business, or to any other department. (4) Address the envelope, "The BLADE, Toledo, O," and in the lower left hand corner write "Medical Bureau." (5) No answers by mail in any case. No answer unless the above regulations are strictly complied with.

Inquiries.

Will some one please tell me what to do with the white bird off my hat so that the moths will not get at it? My sister had one eaten by the moths till it fell to pieces. Will some one please answer as soon as possible?—MISS CARRIE G. JOHNSON, Blairsville, Indiana county, Pa.

Will "M. N. H." or some other contributor please tell me what kind of a border will be suitable for knitted counterpane, instructions for the knitting published recently? Please give instructions for knitting it—the border.—TEXAS READER.

Can bleached muslin be prepared so that paint ground in oil will not spread on it? Can such paintings be varnished?—W. M. Ross.

Will some one please tell me what causes my jelly to mould? Those with tin lids mould more than those with paper. Also what will clean zinc that has got rusted and black.—R. MAY.

Will "MRS. H. L." who described Roman afghan in BLADE of May 6, 1886, please explain how to make the basket pattern for the plain stripe, and also tell how many stripes there should be in the width of the afghan?—MRS. J. PORTER.

Will some one tell what will color black without crocking when the garment is worn? Also, how to prepare and bleach leaves for skeleton bouquets?—M. B., Mendota, Ill.

Will some one please state how to prepare Paris green for cabbage and potato vines?—E. B.

Will the one that gave as a cure for neuralgia the common thistle, please tell whether the blossoms or the green leaves should be used, and whether as a preventive or only as a cure when having neuralgia?—A SUFFERER.

Can any one tell me if I can get anything to keep a person with a low instep from tramping the shoes down or anything that will make the foot rounding or high in the instep by its use?—A. B. C.

Will some one please give soon directions for making infants' crochet or knitted sock?—MRS. B.

Can any one tell of a well-tried and certain way to keep grapes on the stem until midwinter or later? Some simple way for common farmers

I would suggest to some of the inventors in the HOUSEHOLD that for the man or woman who will invent a good, cheap, light, bathing rub there is a rich harvest. I saw an illustration that pleased me, and sent for circulars. I think it would prove an excellent bath, but oh the price, $20, for farmers on 80 acre farms in the West $5 is almost beyond their means. I will have to continue to use the big laundry tub, and as I weigh 130 pounds, I fill it pretty full. How many of the advocates of short hair have had theirs cut? I've had mine. Practice what we preach. I want to thank Miss Bouton. I like the tone of her letters if she did not agree with me on the long or short hair subject.—FIONA K. SMITH, Griswold, Cass county, Iowa.

Our correspondent misunderstood the editor's position in regard to the short hair question. It was that each one should feel at liberty to do as she chose in regard to it without criticism. Most certainly short hair is far more comfortable than the long, and we do not believe there is any moral entering into the matter in any possible way. It is merely a question of taste and convenience.—ED.

Will "Tabitha Strong" please state whether she washes her face with warm milk just fresh from the cow, or does she skim and then warm it? I failed to see it, what our good editor said about it.—E. J.

Both ways are recommended.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

I saw in the BLADE of the 15th an inquiry for some way for raising money on a crazy quilt without raffling or chance taking. A very nice way, I think, is to get all the names you can and work them on each block, each one wanting their name on paying 10 cents. I saw a quilt that was gotten up for the same purpose that netted over $30, and the block is not all full yet. You can put as many names as you like in a block. Put the minister's name in the center blocks.—MRS. E. KESLING, Warsaw, Ind.

"Mountjoy" asks for a cure for painful groins. For the benefit of her and others similarly afflicted I send a never failing remedy. For painful and aching groins take equal parts of skunk's oil, chloroform and oil of origanum; mix and apply often. —G. S. B.

The following addresses have been given for the widow lady who wanted a home and employment for herself and son: T. James, Collins, Wisconsin; Lock box 21, Clarkeville, Iowa; Box 10, Carpentersville, Kane Co., Ill.; Mrs. B. O. Stephenson, Spaulding, Union Co., Iowa; Miss M. W. Morgan, Burke's Station, Fairfax Co., Virginia. Mrs. Addie W. Main, Windsor, Fayette Co., Iowa.

I am a stranger to the HOUSEHOLD, but I wish to step in long enough to tell "Mrs. F.," (in BLADE of June 3,) that if she will put cedar perches in cage and keep them clean she will not be bothered with mites. —MRS. D. HOLLENBECK, Roanoke, Ill.

If "Mrs. H. Barber" will send her proper address to me I would tell her where she could find a remedy for her disease, eczema. My father was troubled with it for years and at last found a medicine which has not yet cured but has helped him to such an extent that he does not notice it now. Would be pleased to recommend it to her.—ELLA A. NULL, Leroy, McLean Co., Ill.

If the editor of the HOUSEHOLD will allow me I will tell Mrs. G. W. that if she will take the hen off of the nest after she has been setting a few days and look through the eggs at the sun, she can tell the eggs that are going to hatch by their being dark, while the ones that are not fertile will be clear. No person can tell the sex of an egg before it is hatched, and some breeds you cannot tell the cockerels from the pullets until they are well feathered.

Please tell "A Reader of the BLADE" that the easiest way to kill lice on chickens is to not let them get on the chickens at all, but as the chickens have them, get some Persian insect powder and dust the fowls with it; if you cannot get that, use sulphur. Lice are the worst enemy the poultryman has to contend with, and they must be destroyed root and branch, or he must quit the business. I would like to hear from others on this subject. If any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD will send self-addressed stamped envelopes I will give any information I can on poultry raising.—GEO. F. ROWLEY, Witoka, Minn.

Recipes.

To Can Green Corn. This is repeated for the benefit of a new subscriber: Cut and scrape the corn from the cob, pack it in the can as tight as possible, (use the small end of the potato masher, if you've nothing else;) it will take twelve or thirteen common sized ears to fill a quart can, put on the rubber ring (be sure and have it new,) put on the cap and screw on the band *tight.* Set them in the boiler and cover with cold water and boil without stopping three hours. Take out and immediately tighten the band as tight as possible, and set away in a cool dark place. What we put up is better than what we buy.—BELLE BETHELL.

Another Way. To four quarts of good tender sweet corn cut from cob, add three pints of water and boil twenty minutes then add two tablespoonfuls pint of salt and boil five minutes more; can while boiling hot. To prepare for the table, pour off all the brine, put on to boil with sufficient water to cover, let come to a boil and pour off. Season with milk, butter, pepper and sugar. LIZZIE HART, Bowling Green, Ohio.

Pickled Grapes.—Take green watermelon before the shell is formed, usually in a proper state the latter part of July or early in August. Grind them or pound them in an earthern or marble mortar. Squeeze out the juice through a coarse cloth and add to every gallon of juice, 1 lb. of anchovies, 1 oz. each of cayenne pepper and mace, ½ oz. of black pepper, 1 oz. each of ginger, cloves and mace and the root of one horseradish. Boil all together till reduced to half the quantity. Pour off, and when cold bottle tight. To be used in three months.—MOSE SUTTON, Heywarth, Ill.

For Cancer Stomach.—I notice in the BLADE two or three times different people have asked for a cure for felon.

Here is one that we have tried more than once and it has never failed us yet:

Take the root of May apple, (green if you can get it, but if you live in the city or can not get the fresh you can get the dry at the drug stores,) pound it soft and bind it on the felon. If the poultice is dry put on with cold water. When the poultice is dry put on a fresh one. This will relieve the pain every time. It will kill and put the felon back if there is no pus or matter in it; but it will relieve the pain at any time. Care should be taken to keep the dampness from the other fingers as it will blister them. Also be careful if there are children about the house not to let them get hold of any of it, as it is poison.—WM. E. L. RAILSBACK, 403 Woodland avenue, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mustard Pickles.—Take green cucumbers and slice the same as for table use, but not too thin; sprinkle a very little salt on them and let them remain over night; drain; put alternate layers of mustard and cucumbers in your can or jar, until full; cover with vinegar; place a cloth covered with mustard on them; cover them up well, and they will be ready for use in a week, or will keep for several months; the vinegar is nice to use with meat.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

RENSVILLE, MINN.	LINA, MO.	HANGING ROCK, O.
L B Welch	Carmie Simpson	Ellen Kiskadden
C A Welch	Robert Simpson	John Kiskadden
H Larson	Minnie Miller	Bettie Foust
Fred Larson	Florence Forsyth	Bessie Foust
F E Larson	Rosa Huntzinger	NEIL'S CREEK, IND.
John Barnard	Anna Boley	Ivan Bawer
Lucy Barnard	Lena Miller	Willie Tewell
Carl Barnard	Alice Thurlo	Stephen Ogden
John Gorden	Herbert Forsythe	Chas W Stout
Thos Gorden	Jose Thurlo	H H Stout
Matilda Gorden	Mary Stewart	Howard D Stout
Sarah Bell	Jennie Causey	ELIZABETH, COL.
Arthur Childs	Thos Boley	Geo W Cliben
Melvin Childs	Geo Bonney	Almina Garland
Ole Munson	Julius Hubbell	Mary J Garland
Mary Smith	Ida Hubbell	Frank E Garland
Mary Symes	John Morris	Chas F Garland
Carl Benning	O K Frame	Nivia Hawkey
STAUNTON, IA.	Ernest Miller	Madie Hawkey
Henry Kinter	Jessie Hubbell	Lillian Hawkey
Edith Kinter	Frank Hecke	Wm Long
Winfred Kinter	Myrtle Terry	Fred Long
Bertha L Potter	Mary Bonney	Robert Soby
Ettie Potter	Edna Bonney	Chas Kent
Faunie Hawkins	Clara Huntzinger	Augus Kent
Lounie Hawkins	STARK, ILL.	Louis Metzger
Frank Belts	Louisa Hull	Daisy Phillips
Florence Robbins	Arthur Hull	Callie Williams
Esther Woodard	Maud Hull	REEDSVILLE, KAN.
W Woodard	Bertha Newell	Winnie K Farrett
Barbara Weller	Ernest Blood	Walter G Barrett
Bennie Nice	Lorin Smith	Clara E Johnson
Frank Nice	Oliver W Blood	C C Barrett
Nettie Hodgdon	Ernest Mortimer	Louisa Barrett
Anna Friend	Sarah Kelsch	John B Barrett
Lucy Welter	Minnie Kelsch	David H Barrett
Jack Welter	Sadie Speers	Frank W Oakley
STEVENSVILLE,	BLUE MOUND, KAN.	J M Bishop
Ettie Jeffries	Willie Poinsett	Jos Dexter
Anna W Jeffries	Charley Taylor	Ernest Dexter
Edith N Jeffries	Clifford L Austin	W Dexter
W Ulric Jeffries	Bertie Blackburn	AFDALUSIA, ILL.
Vernon I Cook	Frank Fairchild	Frank Cushman
Jennie Decker	Lonnie Poinsett	Amanda C'shm'n
Dellie Decker	Freddie Watts	Cora Cushman
Eddie Stevenson	Robert Taylor	Clarence Smith
Mary L Disbrow	Charley Peppers	Wm Wood
C A Smith	Cora Peppers	Burt Knight
Carlie Phillips	Flora Taylor	Linn Ballard
A G Parish	Lizzie Brusett	Louis Brookman
C B Pies	Melia Robbins	Mamie Jones
A A Halliday	Sherrie Adams	Ida Mosher
Geo Halliday	Rillia Robbins	UPPER SANDUSKY,
Frank McDaniel	Josie Hubbell	OHIO.
Chas Halliday	Emma Penfield	Grace Norton
Frank Schneck	Susie Smart	Mattie Norton
Jesse Dansfield	Minnie Offord	Jas E League
Sarah Edinger	May Austin	Fannie Widman
Julia Dansfield	Emma Hubbell	Joseph Kretz
Ella Sherman	Susie Doggett	Eva Kretz
Hattie Smith	Laura Seaman	Mabel League
Emma Mielke	CERYL, NEB.	LEVISTON, IDAHO.
Nellie Mielke	Mary E Giles	Mellie Rigby
Florence Cook	Robert Taylor	Daisy Evan
Tom Brinlay	Mollie Way	Nannie Hopkins
Agnes Halliday	Willie Reynolds	Ethel Rigby
Laura Shearer	Stella Robbins	RITZVILLE, WASH.
Blanche Hart	Emma Smith	TER.
Mary Mielke	Addie Smith	Arthur D Keller
Lilah Alkire	Alice Reynolds	Ernest B Keller
Harry W Hagerty	Alma Boles	Mamie E Greene
Lena Yale	Nellie Laurent	Laura E Hazlett
Minnie Shearer	Bud Smith	Blanche Gritman
Gusta Gramps	Nellie Laurent	Edith B Keller
Emily Dale	Geo Weathers	Effie L Johnson
Oscar V Pike	Carrie Weathers	Nettie A Eckers
Ada B Decker	Grace Bourquin	Fred Whittlesey
Nellie Cook	MIDDLEVILLE,	Vannie Bennett
Emma Keen	Earle Norris	Bessie M Bennett
COLFAX, WASH. TER.	Harry Norris	Harry E Grinman
Bessie Richards	Ben Cantwell	BELOIT, KAN.
Ed Maguire	John Deputy	Louie R Porter
C H Torrance	Eddie Deputy	Jimmie E Porter
Geo Torrance	Everett Rogers	Theodore Tilton
Geo F McConnell	Blanche Deputy	Eddie C Tilton
John W Morgan	Blanche Norris	John A Meade
Geo Barker	Charley Norris	OZARK, ARK.
Edward C White	WINSOR, MO.	Roscoe G Boles
Dale L Torrance	Mamie Herrick	Arthur M Boles
Fred H Haskin	Leua Garland	Belle Hanks

Names this week, 253. Total, 11,399.

JENNY'S "STAND."

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I know I'm but a little girl,
But I have ears and eyes,
And there are things I love quite well,
And things that I despise.

I have my likes and my dislikes,
As older people do;
And if I live and thrive, you know,
I shall be as large as you.

And when I am a woman grown
I hope the world will see
That some of the things grown people do
Will not be done by me.

I will not smile on any man
That drinks his wine or beer;
I think you girls are in the blame
For half the drunkards here.

For if you would all join and say,
"We will not walk or chat
With any man who drinks and smokes,
And carries 'a brick in his hat,'"

I think you'd find a speedy change
In these young men. But, no!
You will not take a stand like that
For fear you'll lose a beau.

But, as for me, when I grow up,
I'll have no beau at all,
Or I'll have those that are sworn foes
To beastly Alcohol.

And you'll never see me kiss the lips
That touch the ruddy glass;
Yet, I think I'll have as many friends
As any drinking lass.

I'm but a very little girl.
But I know some things, I think,
And I know that honest men grow bad
And bad men worse through drink.

FOOLED HIS MOTHER.

Billy Brand's mother stepped out of her little house after breakfast to go away for her day's sewing. Billy was busy with his hammer and nails in a corner of the shed.

"What are you doing, Billy?" she asked.

"Oh, nothin'."

"Billy, I want to know before I go. You must tell me this minute."

She spoke in a tone half suspicious, half complaining. Billy looked up without the scowl it might have seemed to provoke.

"Why, mother, I'm going to April fool Sue the biggest kind you ever saw."

Mrs. Brand's heart sank, if a thing can be said to sink which is very far down already. She had forgotten it was the first day of April and Saturday. Where might not all the tricks and pranks sure to be conjured up by Billy's active brain and carried out by his restless limbs lead him by night?

"Billy, don't do it. Don't, now, do anything to torment Susie while I am gone. She's feeling bad enough, for I saw her crying when she tried to move 'round. Now, Billy

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

FISTULA.—I have a horse with fistulous withers. I would like very much to know what to do for it through the BLADE FARM, as soon as convenient?—E. K. BROSIUS, Weigand, Neb. [First, give the horse sesotrine aloes, pulverized, 4 ounces; soap, 4 ounces; linseed meal, 1½ pounds; mix well with molasses, so as to form a mass; dose, 1 ounce twice a day. Search for the lowest point that contains pus, and make a free incision into it. A seaton tape may then be passed through the fistula from end to end, and left there, or the following may be freely injected into every part of the fistula two or three times a week: Chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. Give tonics and good care, protecting the fistulous part from pressure.—ED.

HOVEN IN CATTLE.—The remedy is: One heaping teaspoonful of saleratus and one heaping tablespoonful of lard put in one half pint of warm, sweet milk and poured down the animal, will relieve it in a very little while. I do not know as it will cure them after eating green clover, but it will cure them when bloated in winter from cold or anything of that kind. Now, Mr. Editor, if after having cause to try this remedy, it will cure any thing in the line of bloating I know it. If any of your wealthier subscribers can help me to get even a second-hand loom for carpet weaving I shall be very grateful.—MRS. S. WALTERS, 578 Carroll avenue, Chicago.

HORSE RADISH.—In your issue of July 22, "S. C." Watson Creek, Minn., wanted to know how to exterminate horse radish. Here is a way that I think will do: Cut off the tops just below the top of the ground and make quite a deep hole into the root with a penknife, and pour in a little spirits of turpentine.—W. J. S., Utica, Minn.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE.—Will some one give the public the full description of the disease called Glanders, and shew the difference between that disease and that known as chronic catarrh or ozena?—A STUDENT, St. Clairsville, O. [The late principal in the Edinburg (Scotland) Veterinary college, describes nasal gleet as a profound discharge of pus from one or both nostrils and is a symptom of some disorder, usually either of a grave nature, or at least, one not easily cured. The causes are: 1, glanders; 2, carious molar fangs; 3, diseased bone in the nose, or the chambers of the head; 4, pharyngitis; 5, congestion or relaxation of the mucous membrane of the nose left by a catarrh and other causes. Jennings says of glanders:

The most common cause of this disease is the impure air of close, ill-ventilated and filthy stables, which acts injuriously upon the organs of respiration, destroys the consistence, density and color of the blood, and renders it susceptible to the attacks of disease. Neglected catarrh, also, sometimes terminates in glanders; hard work and bad provender, together with sudden changes from exposure to cold and wet weather to hot stables, are likewise reckoned among the causes.

The symptoms are, discharge from one or both nostrils, of a glossy, thick, gluey nature, frequently sticking about the nostrils in considerable masses. This is a peculiarity which other discharges do not possess. This discharge is not always copious, as is generally supposed. The Schneiderian membrane of the nose changes to a dusky, or dull yellow, or leaden hue; ulcers appear upon the membrane; a peculiar raising of the nasal bones will be observed, which the author has never noticed in any other disease; the discharge is sometimes mixed with blood, and is often fetid; and one or both of the submaxillary glands are swollen and adhere to the jaw-bone. Swelling of the glands, however, should not be placed upon this swelling, as it frequently accompanies other diseases; but the character of the discharge, and the raising of the nasal bones are peculiarities not easily mistaken when the disease is developed. As all the symptoms will be found to exist in accompanying other diseases, too much care cannot be exercised in deciding upon a case of this disease previous to a full development of the symptoms.

Teller says of nasal gleet: "There is a discharge from one or both nostrils. It is irregular in color, sometimes white in color, rather thick and sticky, generally foul smelling. Small ulcers and excoriations may be seen on the membranes of the nostrils—but not the characteristic, pit-like depressions of the glanders. The membrane is also changed in hue, and often is somewhat thickened.

"The question constantly occurs in these cases whether we have to do with a case of glanders; and not unfrequently it is a difficult answer, until the case has been watched for several weeks. It is prudent to treat the case as glanders, and remove the animal to separate stalls, and his attendant to exercise great caution in handling him." [The editor thought best to show the difference between glanders and nasal gleet first, as the latter resulting from neglected catarrh, etc., is more like glanders than any other disease. The symptoms of nasal gleet are: Watering, running from the nose and eyes, redness of the eyes and of the membrane of the nose, slight feverishness, dullness, weakness. The discharge from the nose is at first thin and colorless, but soon changes to a thick, yellow matter. When the case becomes chronic, it is called *chronic catarrh*. The discharge may then become of an offensive odor, and varies in quantity, sometimes being from one nostril only. It is sometimes mistaken for glanders, but is easily distinguished, as in glanders the discharge is thin and sticky, and generally without any perceptible smell.—ED.]

FOUL EVIL—PICKEREL.—Please give a recipe for to cure the poll evil in next issue. What is the difference between pickered and mascalonge, or is there any difference, except size? Also, Grey's Lake, Dakota. [If poll evil is seen before the skin is broken, keep the part wet with tincture of arnica, two ounces; vinegar, one pint, water, one pint. Lay cloths on the swelling and wet them frequently with the above. If the inflammation is reduced, rub the part with iodine, one drachm; lard, one ounce. Mix. If pus forms, make a free cut and keep the wound open for about a week, fomenting the part and forcing out the pus. If the part is already broken and the pus has burrowed into the neck, making fistulas or pipes, the treatment is difficult. Open the fistulas freely with a sharp scalpel to their ends, the bone scraped, if diseased, and the whole thoroughly washed and syringed with chloride of zinc, 30 grains; water, 1 quart. When the joint is attacked, there is but little hope of a cure. In cases not severe, open the track down to the bottom of the fistulas, insert a seaton, bringing out on the opposite side of the poll. The pike is the common name given to soft rayed abdominal fishes, whose single genus constitutes the family esocidae. Only one species is found in Europe or temperate Asia. The pike, pickerel, and muscalonge or muskinonge of America are of the soft rayed family. The pike and muscalonge are dissimilar in color, size and appearance. The pike weighs from 1 to 15 pounds while the muscalonge grows to weight as much as 60 pounds. It is considered a better fish for the table than the pike.—ED.]

COLT'S LEGS SWELLED.—What is the matter with my colt? When it was two day's old it got the scours, and came almost dying; then its hind legs swelled up twice the natural size. It suckles little. The mare's last year's colt was the same way, and its legs are swelling up again now, when it is a year old. What is the matter with them?—E. L. HAWKINS. [We fear your colt is suffering from constitutional derangement. Give this: Five ounces of linseed oil, raw; half a drachm of aniseed, and one eighth of an ounce of sweet spirits of nitre. Follow this with one sixth of a drachm of nitrate of iron and ammonia twice a day, for three days, in its drinking food. Give gentle exercise and good grooming. Wrap legs in flannel saturated with cold vinegar.—ED.]

ERYSIPELAS—INDIGESTION.—Is there any known cure for the epizootic? If so, please give it; also the best diet for a horse with that disease. We have a mare that appears to be sore in every joint of her body. She is drowsy, stupid, and has a staggering way of walking. She nibbles at her feed, and when walking down hill will stop short with a grunt. What is the matter and what can we do? She is falling away rapidly.—JAMES CAMMACK, Millbrook, Kansas. [In epizootic a most dangerous thing to do is to give purges or to bleed the animal, as some people do. When a horse becomes costive, small injections of oil or warm water are beneficial. Stimulants and tonics should be resorted to. When the cough is distressing, this mixture will relieve it: Extract of belladona, half an ounce; powdered opium, two drachms; powdered camphor, three drachms; powdered liquorice, two ounces; molasses, half a pint. Mix well together and smear on the tongue a spoonful, once or three times a day. Blanket well, nurse carefully; give soft food, nourishing and cooked. An ounce of saltpetre should be placed in the drinking water twice a day for two or three days. If there are signs of dropsy after the worst is over, give iodide of potassium, carbonate of ammonia, powdered gentian, of each 1 ounce; mix into eight balls and give one morning and evening. Recovery should begin after four days, but for weeks afterward the horse should not be worked, as there may be a relapse. Many horses have died of the disease, but if the disease is taken in hand at once, and careful attention given, recovery is pretty sure. Your horse is no doubt suffering from indigestion, which results from various causes, such as defective teeth, debility of the stomach, irregular feeling, improper food, etc. First give the animal a mild purge of raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, two drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, two ounces. Mix well together for one draught. This is safe, and can be given where other cathartics are badly tolerated. After this has operated, give bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce; powdered gentian, half an ounce; powdered vomica, 20 grains. For one dose, twice daily. Groom carefully, and if the hair is thick, oil it. This sometimes acts every efficaciously.—ED.]

FISTULA.—Will you please publish a cure for the fistula in horses in the Question Bureau of your paper, and oblige.—M. W. BREMEN, Keene, Kansas. [See answer to E. K. BROSIUS, this issue.—ED.]

CHERRY SEEDS.—Should cherry seeds be planted in the spring or fall? Can any of the FARM tell me where I can get blueberry plants?—W., Woodville, Ia. [We think it better to keep the seeds in sand over winter, and plant in the spring.—ED.]

Walter Collinge, Steele, Dakota: Your chickens are affected with roup, which is a dangerous disease. Remove the affected fowls from the well ones at once, then give sulphate of iron in the ratio of a tablespoonful to each fifteen of the well fowls every other day for a week, in soft food; also eight drops of tincture of iron in the soft food every day. Boiled rice is good feed. Treat the sick fowls by washing and steaming their heads and throats in hot water, in which there is a dash of carbolic acid. Gargle their throats with kerosene oil for three mornings. The canker will come off itself. Do not attempt to pull it off. Give a desert spoonful of castor oil to each fowl, and follow with a gill of milk in which two grains of bromide of potassium has been dissolved, giving "nothing else."

GREASE HEEL.—Please give me a recipe through the BLADE for the grease heel in horses. I have a mare that has had it for nearly a year, and can not find a cure.—ISAAC M. HUDSON, Pittsburg, Kan. [The treatment is difficult in some cases. Wash the affected part at night with soap and washing soda. Then dry. The parts should be poulticed after washing, with bran and fresh yeast, (brewers', if possible). A cathartic should first be given of raw linseed oil, 16 ozs.; oil of anise, 2 drs; spirits of nitre, 2 ozs. After this, if the skin be hot, and thickened, give a scruple of calomel on the tongue three times a day for three days. After washing and poulticing for two days, apply to the affected part acetate of lead, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, half an ounce; water, one pint. Mix and apply twice daily, after cleaning the parts with warm water and soap.—ED.]

MILDEW.—Please recommend through BLADE FARM a remedy for mildew on grapes.—L. H., Sugar Valley, Pa. [The "Practical Fruit Grower" says: "Varieties that have originated from the European grape, wholly or in part, are often subject to the mildew, as are also native varieties under certain conditions. It is a fungus parasite that grows in the tissue of the leaf, destroying it by penetrating the cell wall and feeding upon the food prepared for the nourishment of the vine. When mature, the fruit of the mildew fungi is borne upon stalks that come out of the breathing pores of the leaves, and appear in such numbers as to give the leaf a mealy appearance, whence the name, meal dew, or mildew. It makes its appearance during wet weather, when the vine is in an unhealthy condition from any cause. It is doubtful whether the fungus will grow upon perfectly healthy tissue. Remedy—Good cultivation, plenty of sunlight and a liberal supply of potash and bone is the best remedy that can be applied.

Answers to Inquiries.

An intelligent gentleman of this city, who is familiar with diseases of horses, says that the following will cure any case of scratches: Take one part sugar of lead and three parts lead. Mix thoroughly and rub parts affected.

A Colorado gentleman writes to the BLADE FARM: Alfalfa seed is worth 12½ per pound. Eight pounds should be sown to the acre. Sow in September or March; no protection is necessary. After getting a good hold it will grow on indefinitely. Mow and wilt it before feeding to hogs or cattle. The best and least trouble of any forage in the world.

Received.

Premium list of the 34th annual fair of the Sandusky county Agricultural society, to be held at Fremont, Ohio, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 28, 29, 30 and October 1, 1886. All stock entries (except speed) will close on Saturday, September 25. Entries in speed classes close at 6 o'clock p. m., September 27. M. D. Weller, secretary.

Rules and premium list of the inaugural live stock show and fair of the Latonia Agricultural association, to be held in Covington, Ky., on August 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28, 1886, competition open to the world. Jas. G. Anderson, superintendent.

Premium list of the seventh annual exhibition of the Arkansas Valley Agricultural society, to be held at its new grounds, one and a half miles west of the iron bridge in Pueblo, Col., September 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1886. Competition invited from abroad, especially from adjoining counties. D. A. Mitchell, secretary, Wichita.

Roup.

EDITOR BLADE:—As there has been inquiries of late in the BLADE regarding the above named disease, a few notes in regard to it may interest several of your readers. Of all the diseases that afflict poultry this is the worst, inasmuch as it is so filthy, and leaves the buildings with a smell that nothing but a disinfectant will eradicate. It is brought on by exposure and dampness, and is inherited through sickly breeding stock. The symptoms are a rattling or wheezing in the throat, followed by a discharge from the nostrils, and it ends with a swelling of the head, so that it is impossible, in some cases, for the birds to see out of their eyes, and they starve to death. Some persons say to shoot and kill them. The most fatal cases are those where the plague gets bens in the windpipe and chokes the bird to death. A fowl may be around seemingly in good health, when it will suddenly choke up and die. It is almost impossible to help these cases. Roup can be detected on lifting the wing, when the bird will wipe its head by the smell. The feathers will also be wet and sticky. The best way to doctor them, unless they are valuable fowls, is with a sharp hatchet. Bury them where no other fowls can get at them; this is a very contagious disease, and care must be exercised at all times. If the birds are valuable, wash their heads with warm water and castile soap, and give them a pill the size of a walnut, composed of sulphur, soot or charcoal pounded, and wet with kerosene just right to form a pill. Give one of these every other day until they are better. When their beaks and heads are washed, put in a drop or two of carbolic acid, taking care not to use too much, for this is very powerful. Then disinfect the house by putting a spoonful of carbolic acid in a pail of water, and with a sponge wash and applying it with an old broom to every part of them. Unless the scent is taken out, other fowls are likely tobecome infected.—J. D. LESTER, Lansing, Mich.

Our Medical Bureau.

We shall soon establish a separate department in the BLADE, to be devoted to answering questions concerning diseases of people and their cure. Where treatment is indicated, the prescription and mode of treatment will be given by a first-class physician, who has been specially engaged for this duty. Much attention will also be given the hygienic and dietetic information. We are ready to receive queries—from actual subscribers to the BLADE only—now. They will be answered in the order in which they are received, so write at once if you want an early answer. To insure a reply, observe the following rules carefully: (1) Write out clearly and briefly what you want to know. (2) Sign your real name and postoffice address. (3) Don't send any other enquiries in the same letter, nor make medical queries a part of a letter on business, or any other department. The query must be a separate letter, devoted to nothing else. (4) Address the envelope, "The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left hand corner write "Medical Bureau." (5) No answers by mail in any case. No answers unless the above regulations are strictly complied with.

Liabilities of Dog Owners.

A savage dog is a possession which demands from its owner extraordinary care. Knowing, or being in law presumed to know, the dangerous nature of the property he has in charge, the owner will be held liable for all damage, direct or indirect, which it may be caused by such property. It has, however, been held that the fact that a dog is known to be savage and that it has attacked animals, is not enough to make its owner liable to a man who is bitten by it, unless he can shew that such owner had knowledge of the dog's propensity to bite men. A ferocious dog, accustomed to bite mankind, is a nuisance, and, if found at large, may be killed by any one. But he must not be killed on his owner's premises, unless about to attack some one. A dog not naturally savage will sometimes bite, and in such cases his owner's liability will depend on the facts of the case. If the dog, "to gain some private ends," has chosen to bite an unoffending man or beast, his owner must pay for it; but if a person will not "let a sleeping dog lie," or otherwise teases or provokes the animal and is bitten therefor, the dog's owner may invoke the doctrine of contributory negligence. A well-trained and good-natured dog may cause injury to persons or property, should he do so under direction of his master, the latter will of course be responsible.—*American Agriculturalist for August.*

TALMAGE AT LAKESIDE.

He Preaches on the Bible—He Shows It to be Right in Its Authentication, Style, Doctrine and Effect.

LAKESIDE, O., Aug. 1.—Vast throngs of people came here to-day from all parts of the country to hear the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was, "The King of Books," and the text from Psalms xix. 8: "The statutes of the Lord are right." Following is the sermon in full:

Old books go out of date. When they were written they discussed questions which were being discussed; they struck at wrongs which had long ago ceased, or advocated institutions which excite not our interest. Were they books of history, the facts have been gathered from the imperfect mass, better classified, and more lucidly presented. Were they books of poetry, they were interlocked with wild mythologies which have gone up from the face of the earth like mists at sunrise. Were they books of morals, civilization will not sit at the feet of barbarism, neither do we want Sappho, Pythagoras and Tully to teach us morals.

What do the masses of the people care now for the pathos of Simonides, or the sarcasm of Menander, or the gracefulness of Philemon, or the wit of Aristophanes? Even the old books we have left, with the exceptions, have but little effect upon our times. Books are human; they have a time to be born, they are fondled, they grow in strength, they have a middle life of usefulness; then comes old age, they totter and they die. The world is full of mausoleums, mere monuments to the cemeteries of dead books. Some of them lived flagitious lives, and died deaths of ignominy. Some were virtuous, and accomplished a glorious mission. Some went into the ashes through inquisitorial fires. Some found their funeral pile in sacked and plundered cities. Some were neglected, and died as foundlings at the door of science. Some expired in the author's study, others in the publisher's hands. Ever and anon there comes into your possession an old book, its author forgotten, and its usefulness done, and with leathern lips it seems to say: "I would were dead." Monuments have been raised over poets and philanthropists. Would that some tall shaft might be erected in honor of the world's buried books! The world's authors would make pilgrimage thereto, and poetry, and literature, and science, and religion would consecrate it with their tears.

No so with one old book. It started in the world's infancy. It grew under theocracy and monarchy. It withstood storms of fire. It grew under prophet's mantle, and under the fisherman's coat of the apostles—in Rome and Ephesus, and Jerusalem and Patmos. Tyranny issued edicts against it, and infidelity put out the tongue, and Mohammedanism from its mosques hurled its anathemas, but the old Bible still lived. It crossed the British channel, and was greeted by Wickliffe and James I. It crossed the Atlantic and struck Plymouth Rock, until like that of Horeb it gushed with blessedness. Churches and asylums have gathered all along its way, ringing their bells and stretching out their hands of blessing; and every Sabbath there are ten thousand heralds of the cross with their hands on this open, grand, free, old English Bible. But it will not have accomplished its mission until it has climbed the icy mountains of Greenland; until it has gone over the granite cliffs of China; until it has flown with the Arabian nimbus; until it has scattered its gems among the diamond districts of Brazil; and all thrones shall be gathered into one throne, and all crowns by the fires of revolution shall be melted into one crown, and this book shall at the very gate of heaven have waved in the ransomed empires. Not until then will this glorious Bible have accomplished its mission.

In carrying out, then, the idea of my text—"The statutes of the Lord are right"—I shall show you that the Bible is right in authentication, that it is right in style, that it is right in doctrine, that it is right in its effects.

First—Can you doubt the authenticity of the Scriptures? There is not so much evidence that Walter Scott wrote "The Lady of the Lake;" not so much evidence that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet;" not so much evidence that Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," as there is evidence that the Lord Goe Almighty, by the hands of the prophets, evangelists and apostles, wrote this book.

Suppose a book now to be written which came in conflict with a great many things, and was written by a bad man or by a hypocrite, how long would such a book stand? It would be scouted by everybody. And I say if that Bible had been an imposition, or if it had not been written by the men who said they wrote it, if it had been a mere collection of falsehoods, do you suppose that it would have been immediately rejected by the people? If Job, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Paul, and Peter, and John were impostors they would have been scouted by generations and nations. If that book has come down through fires of centuries without a scar, it is because there is nothing in it. Has the Bible blow near have they come to destroying the Bible?

When they began their opposition, there were two or three thousand copies of it. Now there are two hundred millions, as far as I can calculate. These Bible truths, notwithstanding all the opposition, have gone into all languages—into the plastic Sophic Greek, the flowing Italian, the graceful German, the passionate French, the picturesque Indian, and the exhaustless Anglo-Saxon. Under the painter's pencil the birth and the crucifixion and the resurrection glow on the walls of palaces; or under the engraver's knife speak from the metal of the mountain; and from the stones, touched by the sculptor's chisel, start up into preaching apostles and ascending martyrs. Now, do you not suppose, if that book had been an imposition and a falsehood, it would have gone down under these ceaseless fires of opposition.

Further, suppose that there was a great pestilence going over the earth, and hundreds of thousands of men were dying of that pestilence, and some one should find a medicine that cured ten thousand people, would not everybody acknowledge that that must be a good medicine? "Do you deny it? There have been ten thousand people cured by it." I simply state the fact that there have been hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women who say they have felt the truthfulness of that book, and its power in their souls. It has cured them of the worst leprosy that ever came down on our earth, namely, the leprosy of sin; and if I can point you to multitudes who say they have felt the power of that cure, are you not reasonable enough to acknowledge the fact that there must be some power to the medicine? Will you shew me the place of a hellbird of patients who have been cured, or will you take the evidence of the skeptic who stands aloof and confesses that he never took the medicine?

The Bible intimates that there was a city called Petra, built out of solid rock. Infidelity scoffed at it. "Where was the city of Petra?" Buckhardt and Laborde went forth in their explorations and they came upon that very city. The mountains stand around like giants guarding the tomb where the city is buried. They find a street in that city six miles long, where once flashed impetuous pomp and splendor, and with the laughter of light-hearted mirth on its way to the theater. On temples fashioned out of colored stones—some of which have blushed into the crimson of the rose, and some of which have paled into the whiteness of the lily—aye, on column, and pediment, and entablature, and statuary, God writes the truth of that Bible.

The Bible says that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire and brimstone. "Absurd," infidels year after year said; "it is positively absurd that they could have been destroyed by brimstone. There is nothing in the elements to cause such a shower of death as that." Lieut. Lynch—I think he was the man—went out on the discovery, but he has been followed by many others—Lieut. Lynch went out in exploration and came to the Dead Sea, which, by a convulsion of nature, has overflown the place where the cities once stood. He sank his fathoming line and brought up from the bottom of the Dead Sea great masses of sulphur, remnants of that very tempest that swept Sodom and Gomorrah to ruin. Who was right, the Bible that announced the destruction of those cities or the skeptics who for ages scoffed at it?

The Bible says there was a city called Nineveh, and that it was three days' journey around it, and that it should be destroyed by fire and water. "Absurd," cried out hundreds of voices for many years; "no such a city was ever built that it would take three days' journey to go around. Besides, it could not be destroyed by fire and water, they are antagonistic elements. Layard, Botta and Keith go out, and by their explorations they find that the city of Nineveh, and they tell us that by their own experiment it is three days' journey around, according to the old estimate of a day's journey, and that it was literally destroyed by fire and water—two antagonistic elements—a part of the city having been inundated by the river Tigris, the brick material in those days being dried clay instead of burned, while in other parts they find the remains of fire in the heaps of charcoal that have been excavated, and in the calcined slabs of gypsum. Who was right, the Bible or infidelity?

Moses intimated that they had vineyards in Egypt. "Absurd," cried hundreds of voices; "you can't raise grapes in Egypt, or, if you can, it is a great exception that you can raise them." But the traveler goes down, and in the underground vaults of Elithya he finds painted on the wall all the process of tending the vines and treading out the grapes. It is all there, familiarly sketched by people who evidently knew all about it, and saw it all about them every day; and in those underground vaults there are vases still, encrusted with the sediings of the wine. You see the vine did grow in Egypt, whether it grows there or not.

Thus you see that while God wrote the Bible, at the same time he wrote this commentary, that the "statutes of the Lord are right," on leaves of rock and shell, bound in clasps of metal, and lying on mountain tables and in the jewelled vase of the sea. In authenticity and in genuineness the statutes of the Lord are right.

Second—Again: The Bible is right in style. I know there are a great many people who think it is merely a collection of genealogical tables and dry facts. That is because they do not know how to read the book.

If you take up the most interesting novel that was ever written, and if you commence at the four hundredth page to-day, and to-morrow at the three hundredth, and the next day at the first page, how much sense of interest would you get from it? Yet that is the very process to which the Bible is subjected every day. An angel from heaven, reading the Bible in that way, could not understand it. The Bible, like all other palaces, has a door by which to enter and a door by which to go out. Genesis is the door to go in and Revelation the door to go out.

These epistles of Paul, the apostle, are mere letters written, folded up, and sent by postmen to the different churches. Do you read other letters the way you read Paul's letters? Suppose you get a business letter, and you know that in it there are important financial propositions, do you read the last page first, and then one line of the third page, and another of the second, and another of the first? No. You begin with "dear sir" and end with "yours truly." Now, here lies a letter written from the throne of God to the lost world; it is full of magnificent hope and propositions, and we dip in here and there, and we know nothing about it. Besides that, people read the Bible when they cannot do anything else. It is a dark day, and they do not feel well, and they do not go to business, and after lounging about a bit they pick up the Bible—their mind refuses to enjoy the truth. Or they come home weary from the store or shop, and they feel, if they do not say, it is a dull book. While the Bible is to be read on stormy days and when the head aches, it is also to be read in the sunshine, and when your nerves like harp strings thrum the song of health. While your vision is clear, walk in this paradise of truth, and while your mental appetite is good, pluck these clusters of grace.

I am fascinated with the conciseness of this book. Every word is packed full of truth. Every sentence is double-barreled. Every paragraph is like an old banyan tree with a hundred roots and a hundred branches. It is a great arch; pull out one stone and it all comes down. There has never been a pearl diver who could gather up one-half of the treasures in any verse. Dr. Newman, for 25 years, preached from every Sabbath expounded to his congregation the first chapter of the book of Isaiah, and yet did not get through with it. Nine-tenths of all the good literature of this age is merely the Bible diluted.

Goethe, the admired of all skeptics, had the wish in his house at Weimar covered with religious scenes in pictures. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is part of the Bible in blank verse. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is borrowed from the Bible. Spencer's writings are imitations of the parables. John Bunyan saw in a dream only what St. John had seen before in reality—the city of Zion. Dante wrote his most gigantic sentences with Scriptural quotations. Through Addison's "Spectator" there are glances in and out the stream that broke from the throne of God clear as crystal.

Walter Scott's best characters are Bible men and women under different names, as Meg Merrilies, Rebecca of Ender, Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth was Jezebel. Hobbes stole from this castle of truth the weapons with which he afterwards assaulted it. Lord Byron caught the ruggedness and majesty of his style from the prophecies. The writings of Pope are saturated with Isaiah, and he finds his most successful theme in the Messiah. The poets Thomson and Johnson dipped their pens in the style of the inspired Orientals. Thomas Carlyle is only a splendid distortion of Ezekiel; and wandering through the lanes and parks of this imperial domain of Bible truth I find all the great American, English, German, Spanish and Italian poets, painters, orators, and rhetoricians.

Where is there in the world of poetic description anything like Job's charging, neighing, pawing, lightning-footed, thunder-mouthed war horse? Burns, Milton's, Cowper's tempests are very tame compared with David's storm that wrecks the mountains of Lebanon and shivers the wilderness of Kadish. Why, it seems as if to the feet of all these Bible writers mountains brought all their gems, and the seas all their pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the spring all their blossoms, and the harvests all their wealth, and heaven all its grandeur, and eternity all its stupendous realities; and since then poets and orators and rhetoricians have been drinking from exhausted fountains and searching for diamonds in a realm unexplored and ransacked.

This book is the hive of all sweetness. It is the armory of all well-tempered weapons. It is the tower containing the crown jewels of the universe. It is the lamp that kindles all other lights. It is the home of all majesties and splendors. It is the marriage ring that unites the celestial and terrestrial. It is the all-mastering white-robed citizens of the sky hovering around to rejoice at the nuptials. This book—it is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands; it is the song into which are struck all harmonies; it is the river into which are poured all the great tides of hallelujah; it is the firmament in which the suns and moons and stars and constellations and universe and eternity's wheel and blaze and triumph. Where is the young man's soul with any music in it that is not stirred with Jacob's lament, or Nahum's dirge, or Habakkuk's dithyramble, or Paul's march of the resurrection, or John's anthem, when the elders with doxologies on their faces respond to the trumpet blast of the archangel, as he stands with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, swearing by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer?

I am also amazed at the variety of this book. Mind you, not contradiction or collision, but variety. Just as in the song you have the basso and alto and soprano and tenor—they are not in collision with each other, but come in to make up the harmony—so in this book. There are different parts of this great song of redemption. The prophet comes and takes one part, and the patriarch another part, and the evangelist another part, and the apostle another part, and yet they all come into the grand harmony—"the song of Moses and the Lamb." If God had inspired men of the same temperament to write this book it might have been monotonous, but David and Isaiah and Peter and Job and Ezekiel and Paul and John were men of different temperaments, and so, when God inspired them to write, they wrote in their own style.

God prepared the book for all classes of people. For instance, little children would read the Bible, and God knew that, so he allows Matthew and Luke to write sweet stories about Christ with the doctors of the law and Christ at the well and Christ at the cross, so that any little child can understand them. God knew that the aged people would want to read the book, so he allows Solomon to compact a world of wisdom in that book of Proverbs. God knew that the historian would want to read it, and so he allows Moses to give the plain statement of the Pentateuch. God knew that the poet would want to read it, and so he allows Job to picture the heavens as a curtain, and Isaiah the mountains as weighed in a balance, and the waters as held in the hollow of omnipotent hand.

And God touched David until in the latter part of the Psalms he gathered a great choir standing in the galleries above each other—beasts and men in the first Gallery; above them, hills and mountains; above them, fire and hail and tempest; above them, sun and moon and stars of light; and on the highest gallery arrays the hosts of angels; and then standing before this great choir, reaching from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven, like the leader of a great orchestra, he lifts his hands, crying: "Praise the Lord. Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord," and all earthly voices join in their song, and mountains with their waving cedars, and tempests in their thunder, and rattling hail, and stars on their trembling harps of light, and angels on their thrones respond in magnificent acclaim: "Praise ye the Lord. Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord."

God knew that the pensive and complaining world would want to read it, and so he inspires Jeremiah to write: "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears!" God knew that the lovers of the wild, the romantic, and the strange would want to read it, so he let Ezekiel write of mysterious rolls, and winged creatures, and flying wheels of fire. God prepared it for all zones. Cold-blooded Greenlanders would find much to interest them, and the tanned inhabitant at the equator would find his passionate nature boil with the vehemence of heavenly truth. The Arabian would read it on his dromedary, and the Laplander seated on the swift sled, and the herdsman of Holland guarding the cattle in the grass, and the Swiss girl reclining amid Alpine crags. O, when I see that the Bible is suited in style, exactled suited, to all ages, to all conditions, to all lands, I cannot help repeating the conclusion of my text: "The statutes of the Lord are right."

Third—I remark again: The Bible is right in its doctrines. Man is a sinner, Christ a savior—the two doctrines. Man must come down—his pride, his self-righteousness, his worldliness; Christ, the annointed, must go up. If it had not been for the setting forth of the atonement, Moses would never have described the creation; prophets would not have predicted; apostles would not have preached. It seems to me as if Jesus in the Bible were standing on a platform in a great amphitheater, as if the prophets were behind him throwing light forward on his sacred person, and as if the apostles and evangelists stood before him, like footlights throwing up their light into his blessed countenance, and then as if all the earth and heaven were the applauding auditory. The Bible speaks of Pisgah, and Carmel, and Sinai, but makes all mountains bow down to Calvary.

The flocks led over the Judean hills were emblems of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world;" and the lion leaping out of its lair, was an emblem of "the lion of Judah's tribe." I will in my next breath recite to you the most wonderful sentence ever written: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." No wonder that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem heaven sympathized with earth, and a wave of joy dashed clear over the battlements and dripped upon the shepherds in the words: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will towards men." In my next sentence every word weighs a ton. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Show me any other book with such a doctrine, so high, so deep, so vast.

Fourth—Again: The Bible is right in its effects. I do not care where you put the Bible it just suits the place. You put it in the hand of a man seriously concerned about his soul. I see people often giving to the serious soul this and that book. It may be very well, but there is no book like the Bible. He reads the commandments and pleads to the indictment, "Guilty." He takes of the psalms of David and says, "They just describe my feelings." He flies to good works. Paul starts him out of that by the announcement, "A man is not justified by works." He falls back in his discouragement; the Bible starts him up with the sentences: "Remember Lot's wife," "Grieve not the spirit," "Flee the wrath to come." Then the man in despair begins to cry out, "What shall I do?" where shall I do?" and a voice reaches him, saying: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Take this Bible and place it in the hands of men in trouble. Is there anybody here in trouble? Ah, I might better ask are there any here who have never been in trouble. Put this Bible in the hands of the troubled. You find that as some of the best berries grow on the sharpest thorns, so some of the sweetest consolations of the gospel grow on the most stinging affliction. You thought that Death had grasped your child. Oh, no! It was only the heavenly shepherd taking a lamb out of the cold. Christ bent over you as you held the child in your lap, and putting his arm gently around the little one, said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Put the Bible in the hands of the infidel. Behold he the hand that would take the Bible from the college and the school. Educate only a man's head and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you make him a fanatic. Educate them both together and you will have the noblest work of God. An educated mind without moral principle is a ship without a helm, a running rail train without brakes or reversing rod to control the speed. But the Bible in the family. There it lies on the table, an unlimited power. Polygamy and unscriptural divorce are prohibited. Parents are kind and faithful, children polite and obedient. Domestic sorrows lessened by being divided, joys increased by being multiplied. O, father, O, mother, take down that long-neglected Bible and read it yourself and let your children read it.

Put the Bible on the rail train and on shipboard, till all parts of this land and all other lands shall receive its illumination. This hour there rises the yell of heathen worship, and in the face of this day's sun smokes the blood of human sacrifice. Give them the Bible. Unbind that wife from the funeral pyre, for no other sacrifice is needed since the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Give them the Bible.

I am preaching this sermon because there are so many who would have you believe that the Bible is an outlandish book and obsolete. It is fresher and more intense than any book that has ever come out of the great publishing houses. Make it your guide in life and your pillow in death.

After the battle of Richmond a dead soldier was found with his hand lying on the open Bible. The summer insects had eaten the flesh from the hand, but the skeleton finger lay on these words: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Yes, this book will become in your last days, when you turn away from all other books, a solace for your soul. Perhaps it will be your mother's Bible, perhaps God has given you on your wedding day, its cover now worn out, and its leaf faded with age; but its bright promises will flash upon the opening gates of heaven.

"How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

"This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, Shall guard our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day."

Anarchists.

Under the above heading the Chicago *Times* has the following editorial analysis of this breed of murderers:

"It is rather satisfactory to the native American element to learn from this trial that the men who are dissatisfied with our way of doing things were not born on the soil. There seems to be no complaint from within the American household of the management, but there is much from some tramps from the old world who have come over there partly to escape starvation at home, and partly, in many cases, to avoid the prison and the gallows. An American farmer by his industry and labor has accumulated a handsome property. There come to him one day a couple of starving tramps who implore him in a language he does not understand to give them shelter and food. He does so and he gives them work and wages. For the first time in their lives they eat white bread and meat; they sleep and eat on a board floor in place of on the ground, as they slept and ate before; they are able to wear clean shirts and to secure sufficient to buy soap to give themselves the first bath of their experience. At the end of a month they observe that the farmer lives in a finer house than they do, that he has more comforts, and they at once connect a plot to rob him. He is a heartless capitalist; he has property stolen from honest workingmen, and they, tramps, vagabonds, dogs, are the honest laborers to whom the property properly belongs."

A Proposition to Disfranchise Negroes in Mississippi.

NEW ORLEANS, July 30.—The most extraordinary move yet made in the local option campaign now going on in Mississippi is that submitted by the Prohibitionists of Lowndes county. The negro has been the disturbing element in all the Mississippi liquor elections. In most of the counties there has been a white majority for prohibition, which has been swamped by the negro vote. To eliminate this disturbing element, the Prohibitionists of Lowndes demanded that there should be a Democratic primary election, under the auspices of the Democratic executive committee, on the question of prohibition, at which no negroes should be allowed to vote. The result of this primary is to decide the question of license or no license. For several days the Democrats of Lowndes have been wrangling over this question, and a majority of them seemed to favor the idea of keeping it entirely within Democratic lines. The antis, for wet side, however, have refused to abide by this plan, which amounts to the practical disfranchisement of the negroes. The question is not yet finally decided.

Peculiarities of the Wisconsin Fires.

PALMYRA, Wis., July 30.—The weather continues insufferably hot, with frequ

WASHINGTON.

HOW IT WORKS.

Republican Postmasters Bounced to Make Room for Democrats.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—The injunction of secrecy has been removed from the reports of the Senate committee on Post-offices and Post Roads upon the nomination of a dozen or more Indiana postmasters, appointed to positions created by the suspension of incumbents.

In the case of D. W. Krisher, of North Manchester, successor to Shelby Sexton, it is reported that the latter was a soldier and his successor was not. The changes are declared to be purely of a political character. The same declaration is made with regard to the charges against M. M. Hurley, who was succeeded by John B. Mitchell as postmaster at New Albany.

In the case of Charles U. Harvey, late postmaster at Mt. Vernon, the committee finds that the suspension was made upon a charge of violent partisanship, he having, as was alleged, been "engaged in cuchering a Democrat out of office." The committee finds that the charges were untrue and intimate that the man was complained of by his party friends for a lack of interest in his party's welfare.

Mr. Stephen Lenley, who was succeeded by Mr. Robert M. Robertson as postmaster at Tipton, is declared by the committee to be a man of high character, and his removal is ascertained to have been solely for political reasons.

In the case of Joshua Ernest, who succeeded Urlah Colson as postmaster at Sullivan, Ind., the committee report that the appointment was secured on the sole recommendation of Congressman Cobb, while a large number of citizens protested against it. Mr. Ernest is, however, declared to be competent to discharge the duties of the office, and the charges brought against Mr. Colson are ascertained to be wholly of a political nature.

In the case of Wm. H. Evans, who succeeded Erastus R. Penney at Princeton, the committee reports its inability to hear of any charges of any character against Mr. Penney, and quotes a letter from Congressman Kleiner to that effect.

Upon the nomination of H. Freygang, to be postmaster at Angola, in place of F. McCartney, suspended, the committee finds that by a letter from Congressman Lowry, from that district, McCartney was charged with being an active, aggressive and extreme partisan. It was also said that some irregularities had occurred in the office, but their character the committee were unable to ascertain. On the other hand, the committee finds itself satisfied that Mr. McCartney conducted the office with credit and ability, and that his accounts were in all respects correct.

"The removal," the report says, "was evidently made for the purpose of putting a Republican out and a Democrat in. The person nominated was active in political matters, serving as chairman of the county central committee and other like places.

The committee reports that it has ascertained that "no charges against the personal or official character of Frank C. Mortaugh, postmaster at Cambridge City, who was succeeded by Juliet M. Jones, were filed. He was conducting a Republican newspaper, and was removed for political reasons only."

With respect to the suspension of George I. Reed, postmaster at Peru, the committee finds he was charged with offensive partisanship, absence from his office on election day, and corruption of voters, all of which charges it is satisfied are groundless. His removal, the committee thinks, was "simply to find a place for a Democrat," and recommends the confirmation of his successor, Wm. P. Hale.

In the case of Henry W. Cook, to be postmaster at Michigan City, in place of John H. Peters, suspended, the report cites charges specifying acts of partisanship, in refutation of which, however, it embodies letters from a number of Democratic citizens of the city, and the committee recommends it as abundantly proven that the removal of Mr. Peters was solely for political reasons, and that the charges of offensive partisanship were manufactured and untrue." The nominations were all confirmed.

IN TABULAR FORM.

Statement from the Heads of the Executive Departments.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The President has transmitted to the Senate, in compliance with a resolution offered by Senators, statements from the heads of the executive departments relating to to the changes in the classified service during certain periods specified in the resolution. The statements are in tabular form, and are submitted without comment. Summarized they make the following showing:

First—The number of clerks now embraced within the provisions of the civil service act removed from July 16, 1883, to March 4, 1885: Department of State, none; Treasury department, 20; department of the Interior, 28; department of Justice, none; Postoffice department, 6; War department, 20; Navy department, 1. Number of appointments during the same period (not including those excepted from examination by rule 19 of the civil service rules): Department of State, 4; Treasury department, 159; department of the Interior, 204; department of Justice, 5; Postoffice department, 41; War department, 82; Navy department, 10.

Second—Number of clerks embraced within the provisions of the civil service act removed between March 4, 1885, and June 15, 1886: Department of State, 2; Treasury department, 191; department of the Interior, 215; department of Justice, 1; Postoffice department, 10; War department, 40; Navy department, 1. Number appointed in the same period: Department of State, 3; Treasury department, 99; department of the Interior, 120; department of Justice, 3; Postoffice department, 49; War department, 86; Navy department, 2.

Third—Number of chiefs of division or chief clerks removed or reduced between March 4, 1885, and March 4, 1886: Department of State, none; Treasury department, 1; department of the Interior, 1; department of Justice, none; Postoffice department, 2; War department, 1; Navy department, 1. Number of chief clerks appointed during that period: Department of State, 2; Treasury department, 1; department of the Interior, 4; department of Justice, 1; Postoffice department, 11; War department, 1; Navy department, 2.

Fourth—Number of chiefs of division and chief clerks removed or reduced from March 4, 1885, to June 5, 1886: Department of State, 1; Treasury department, 28; department of the Interior, 9; department of Justice, none; Postoffice department, 2; War department, 1; Navy department, 2. Number of chiefs of division and chief clerks appointed during the same period: Department of State, 2; Treasury department, 55; department of the Interior, 21; department of Justice, none; Postoffice department, 8; War department, 1; Navy department, 2.

Fifth—Number of appointments of officials within the scope of the civil service act between January 18, 1883, the date of its passage, and July 15, 1883, the day when it went into effect: Department of State, 3; Treasury department, 56; department of Interior, 254; department of Justice, 4; Postoffice department, 34; War department, 62; Navy department, none.

In addition the secretary of the treasury gives a list of customs officials affected by the civil service act rules and regulations appointed from January 16, 1883, to July 15, 1883. They number as follows: New York, 111; Boston, 209; Philadelphia, 8; Baltimore, 11; New Orleans, 37; San Francisco, 19; Burlington, Vt., 4; Portland, Me., 11; Chicago, 16; Port Huron, 2; Detroit, 1.

TILDEN ON COAST DEFENSES.

He Writes a Letter to Sen. Hawley on the Subject.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Sen. Hawley has received from Samuel J. Tilden an earnest and pathetic letter urging upon Congress the imperative duty of taking a broad and statesmanlike view of the question of coast defenses. It is Gen. Hawley's intention to read this letter in a speech that he will make when the fortifications bill comes up, and he will not make it public until it has been read in the Senate.

Gen. Hawley, who is himself a strong and intelligent advocate of a system of coast defenses, says Mr. Tilden's wisdom, patriotism and foresight in this matter are worthy of his reputation as a statesman, and he thinks Congress will make a grave mistake if it disregards his views. The Senate will, doubtless, pass the bill containing Gen. Hawley's amendment providing for an appropriation of over $6,000,000. The House has shown a disposition to be small and niggardly in this matter, and it is difficult to say what the action of that body will be on the Senate amendment. Much will depend on the sort of conference committee selected by Speaker Carlisle.

Postal Cards.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Postmaster Gen. Vilas has approved a new design for postal cards. They are to be printed in black on white paper with a head of Jefferson on the upper corner. The new design was prepared at the bureau of engraving and printing and is generally considered an improvement on the cards now in use.

The Mother-in-Law.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Mrs. Folsom, the President's mother-in-law, is a guest at the White House. She arrived this morning, and will remain several days.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT

For July—A Decrease of $9,049,104 for the Month.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—Following is a recapitulation of the debt statement, issued to-day:

Debt Bearing Interest.

Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,786,450
Three per cent	140,011,750
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	202,400
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,206,604,112
Interest	8,297,922
Total	$1,214,902,034

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 5,374,185
Interest	203,128
Total	$ 5,577,313

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,436
Certificates of deposit	19,105,000
Gold certificates	74,775,517
Silver certificates	87,564,044
Fractional currency	6,953,702
Principal	$ 535,079,699

Total Debt.

Principal	$1,747,057,996
Interest	8,501,051
Total	$1,755,559,047

Deductions.

Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 195,265,443
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	$ 295,265,443
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,460,293,604

Recapitulation.

Net cash in the treasury	$ 80,206,325
Debt less cash in treasury Aug. 1, 1886	1,380,087,279
Debt less cash in the treasury July 1, 1886	1,389,136,383
Decrease of debt during month	$ 9,049,104

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 74,718,517
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	87,564,044
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	19,105,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	13,875,237
Fractional currency	2,647
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 195,265,443

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Minor coin	$ 28,584,624
	343,292
Total	$ 28,927,916
Certificates held as cash	80,457,218
Net cash balance on hand	80,206,326
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$184,856,903

THE OLEOMARGARINE BILL.

Pres. Cleveland Gives His Reasons for Approving It.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—The President has signed the oleomargarine bill and sent the following message to the House of Representatives stating his reasons for approving it:

To the House of Representatives:

I have this day approved a bill originating in the House of Representatives entitled "an act defining butter; also imposing a tax upon and regulating the manufacture, sale, importation, and exportation of oleomargarine." This legislation has awakened much interest among the people of the country and earnest argument has been addressed to the Executive for the purpose of influencing his action thereupon. Many in opposition have urged its dangerous character as a tendency to break down the boundaries between the proper exercise of legislative power by federal and state authority. Many in favor of the enactment have represented that it promised great advantages to a large portion of our population who sadly need such relief. Even on both sides of the question, whose advocacy or opposition is based upon no broader foundation than local or personal interest, have outnumbered all the others. This, upon its face, and in its main features, is a revenue bill, and was so introduced in the House of Representatives, wherein the constitution declares that all bills for raising revenue shall originate. The constitution has invested Congress with a very wide legislative discretion, both as to the necessity of taxation and the selection of the objects of its burden, and though if the question was presented to me as an original proposition I might doubt the present need of increased taxation, I deem it my duty in this instance to defer to the judgment of the legislative branch of the government, which has been so emphatically and unequivocally asserted in both Houses of Congress, upon the passage of this bill.

Moreover, those who desire to see relieved the weight of taxation now pressing upon the people from other directions may well be justified in the hope and expectation that the selection of an additional subject of taxation may thus be well able to bear it, will in consistency be followed by legislation relieving our citizens from other legislative burdens—rendered by the passage of this bill even more than heretofore unnecessary and needlessly oppressive. It has been urged as an objection to this measure that while purporting to be legislation for a revenue its real purpose is to destroy, by the use of the taxing power, one industry of our people for the protection and benefit of another. If entitled to indulge in such a suspicion as a basis of official action in this case, and if entirely satisfied that the consequences indicated would ensue, I should doubtless feel constrained to interpose Executive dissent, but I do not feel called upon to interpret the motives of Congress otherwise than by the apparent character of the bill which has been presented to me, and I am convinced that the taxes which it creates cannot possibly destroy the open and legitimate manufacture and sale of the thing upon which it is levied.

If this article has the merits which its friends claim for it, and if the people of the land, with full knowledge of its real character, desire to purchase and use it, the taxes enacted by this bill will permit a fair profit to the manufacturer and dealer. If the existence of the commodity taxed and the profits its manufacturer depend on the imposing of it to the people for something else which it deceitfully imitates, the entire enterprise is a fraud, and not an industry, and it it cannot endure the exposure of the real character, which will be effected by inspection, supervision and stamping which the bill directs, the sooner it is destroyed the better in the interest of fair dealing.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Too Good to be Lost.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—An incident in the career of one of our consular appointees is thus related: Peter Staub, of Tennessee, was sent to a European city. He had nominated at Gov. Porter's room, the assistant secretary of State, looking over some papers after 4 o'clock, when the governor and the clerks all leave. He had come up in the elevator, and as the elevator had stopped running, he had no idea of any other means of getting out of the building. He rushed by the broad flight of steps two or three times and finally put up a window and slid down as best he could into the new portion of the building. From there he made his way in some manner to the basement, where the watchman arrested him.

"What are you doing here?" asked the watchman.

"Trying to get out of this building," said the now frightened Staub.

"It looks to me, sir, as though you were trying to get into the building," and with that he was taken before the captain of the watch. It was some time before the confused consul could make it clear to the captain how it all occurred. But the latter finally asked him if he had any papers to show who he was. On showing his appointment he was released from arrest. Rushing into the street, he hailed a cab and told the driver he would give him $1 to take him to the depot. He said he wanted to go to the Riggs House, which was a block and a half distant.

Unpalatable Facts.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The discussion of the surplus resolution in the Senate yesterday brought out some facts that were decidedly unpalatable for Democratic ears. Allison, of Iowa, was loaded, and made plain the financial tactics of the present administration by which it sought to ignore the policy of its Republican predecessors, and was compelled to change front and conform to Republican example. After its orators had told the country that the Republicans had hoarded money in the treasury far in excess of the needs of the government, it hoarded more than had ever been known to be in the treasury at one time before, and but for the speech of Beck, of Kentucky, exposing the hypocricy of his own party, it would have gone on that way until the present time. The speech produced a sensation even among the sleepy old Senators as well as in the galleries, but there was no one on the Democratic side who wanted to jump in and make reply.

How They Voted.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The vote on the surplus resolution in the Senate was as follows:

Yeas—Aldrich, Allison, Blair, Brown, Call, Cameron, Camden, Chace, Conger, Cullum, Dawes, Dolph, Edmunds, Evarts, Frye, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Hale, Hampton, Harrison, Hawley, Hoar, Jones of Nevada, Kenna, McMillan, McPherson, Mahone, Miller, Palmer, Payne, Platt, Pugh, Riddleberger, Sabin, Sawyer, Sewell, Sherman, Spooner, Van Wyck, Walthall and Wilson of Maryland—42.

Nays—Beck, Berry, Blackburn, Butler, Cockrell, Coke, Eustis, Harris, Ingalls, Jones of Arkansas, Maxey, Mitchell of Oregon, Plumb, Stanford, Teller, Vance, Vest, Voorhees, Whitthorne and Wilson of Iowa—20.

Rejected and Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, August 3.—In secret session of the Senate, R. S. Dement, nominated to be surveyor-general of Utah, was rejected without division. Fitz John Porter was confirmed without debate, and by nearly the same vote as that cast for the Fitz John Porter bill. United States Marshal Urner, of Cincinnati, confirmed. The nomination of H. Hinman to be postmaster at Jacksonville, Ill, was rejected.

Sen. Sherman tried to call up the ratification treaty with Great Britain, favorably reported from the committee on Foreign Relations, but the proposition was voted down by a majority which made it seem improbable that any action will be reached this session.

A Correction.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—It appears that Stowell, the man nominated for postmaster at Seneca Falls, N. Y., whose name was withdrawn by the President, was not so patriotic as he was represented to be, nor did he ask the President to withdraw his name. It was withdrawn at the solicitation of the Veterans' Rights union, Grand Army of the Republic, who made specific charges that Stowell published and uttered disloyal sentiments during the war; that he removed the Union flag from his building, and when asked what had become of it, replied: "I've torn down the dirty rag."

Good Bye to Dement.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—In the secret session of the Senate yesterday, when the case of R. S. Dement, nominated to be surveyor general of Utah, was reached, it was announced that Gen. Logan, who was absent, had left word that he had no more fight to make in Dement's behalf. Sen. Cullom said he had when the case was up before voted for confirmation, chiefly because his colleague desired it, but he was now satisfied that Dement was not the kind of a man the government needed in the position of surveyor general of Utah, and he would therefore oppose the confirmation. Nobody defended Dement and he was rejected without division.

River and Harbor Bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—The Conference committee on the river and harbor bill to-night reached a complete agreement on points in dispute on that measure, and it will be reported to the House to-morrow.

As agreed upon in conference the Hennepin canal clause is so amended as to authorize a survey of the proposed canal by a board of government engineers, who are to report at the next meeting of Congress; meanwhile no appropriation is made for beginning the work of construction.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—The conference report on the river and harbor bill, as approved by the Senate, was agreed to by the House—ayes 121, nays 98.

THE President has transmitted to the Senate the correspondence in connection with the Cutting case. The correspondence does not contain anything more than has already been published. It is understood that the House committee will investigate the arrest and imprisonment of Cutting to have been an infringement of his rights as an American citizen, and will report a resolution requesting the President in an emphatic manner to demand his release by the Mexican government.

A. P. WILLIAMS, the newly elected Senator from California, is a prominent merchant of San Francisco, and chairman of the Republican state central committee.

PECULIAR PROCEEDINGS.

A Doctor Thrown Into an Insane Asylum and Brutally Treated.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 3.—Dr. A. J. Houghton, of Knox county, passed through the city yesterday en route to Buffalo, N. Y., where he proposes to institute suit against J. B. Andrews, superintendent of the insane asylum, for unlawful and unjustifiable confinement. He was sent from Buffalo to the state asylum here some time ago, and was released as not being insane. Regarding his treatment while in the Buffalo asylum he says:

"On June 5, while on my way to Danville, N. Y., I was arrested at Buffalo without having committed any act unbecoming a gentleman, or said a single word that those who knew me would have said to be strange or unusual. Without any trial or even a direct medical examination, I was sent to the insane asylum near Buffalo and confined there seven months and three days. On the night of June 15 a brutal Irish attendant jumped on me when I was lying quietly in my bed, and broke three ribs on my left side. He then beat me with the heel of a slipper until he was tired, choked me and threw me to the floor. I was well able to bear it, will in consistency be followed by legislation relieving our citizens from other legislative burdens—rendered by the passage of this bill even more than heretofore unnecessary and needlessly oppressive. It has been urged as an objection to this measure that while purporting to be legislation for a revenue its real purpose is to destroy, by the use of the taxing power, one industry of our people for the protection and benefit of another. If entitled to indulge in such a suspicion as a basis of official action in this case, and if entirely satisfied that the consequences indicated would ensue, I should doubtless feel constrained to interpose Executive dissent, but I do not feel called upon to interpret the motives of Congress otherwise than by the apparent character of the bill which has been presented to me, and I am convinced that the taxes which it creates cannot possibly destroy the open and legitimate manufacture and sale of the thing upon which it is levied.

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Georgia Proposes to Pension Confederate Soldiers.

ATLANTA, Aug. 3.—There will be two constitutional amendments voted on at the state election in October, one of which is of general interest, as it is likely to place maimed Confederate soldiers on a permanent pension list. The amendment is as follows:

"That the last sentence of article 7, section 1, paragraph 1, of the constitution of 1877, be, and the same is hereby amended, by adding thereto at the end of said sentence the following words: 'And make suitable provision for such Confederate soldiers as may have been permanently injured in such service;' so that said sentence, when so amended, shall read as follows: 'The supply in each soldier who lost a limb or limbs in the military service of the Confederate States with suitable artificial limbs during life, and to make suitable provision for such Confederate soldiers as may have been permanently injured in such service.'"

Under the last clause of the proposed amendment the legislature would be at liberty to establish a pension list. There is no opposition whatever in the state to the proposed amendment.

Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever.

CHICAGO, July 28.—An epidemic of diphtheria and scarlet fever is raging with serious results in that neighborhood bounded by Forty-fifth and Fifty-third streets, and Tracy avenue and Atlantic street. Twenty-five cases have been reported within a short time. The malignant cases result fatally in about a week. The neighborhood is being thoroughly cleaned up.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE RASSURES OUTRAGE.

Confirmation of the Report that Rassures was Shot by the Mexicans.

GALVESTON, July 29.—Francis Rassures, the naturalized American citizen who was arrested and surrendered night before last without a hearing by County Judge Hoffstetter, upon demand of Chief of Police Mondragon, of Piedras Negras, Mex., that he was a horse thief, was taken from the Mexican prison eight hours after his incarceration, carried two miles below Piedras Negras, with his hands tied behind him, and brutally shot and buried at the command of Mondragon.

The murdered man had taken out papers of citizenship on August 15, 1873, and prominent men in Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras bear testimony that he was an honorable man.

The secret underlying this infamous outrage is that Rassures had won the affections of a woman of whom Chief Mondragon was enamored. Mondragon swearing vengeance, detailed two of his trusty lieutenants one night to murder his rival. Rassures badly disabled his assailants and escaped to Eagle Pass. Mondragon, however, determined upon his removal, trumped up a charge of horse theft against him and had him extradited and shot.

The night that Rassures was delivered to the Mexican authorities Mondragon left for Saltillo, not, however, before having delivered orders to his lieutenants to execute Rassures.

The victim in a pathetic letter, appealed to United States Consul Lynn to save him, saying that he was an American citizen, guiltless of any transgression against any law, and that Mondragon had had him arrested to gratify his vengeance. This letter was delivered to Consul Lynn ten hours after its author had been basely shot. Prior to receiving the communication Consul Lynn had already appeared before the proper authorities of Piedras Negras and had demanded, inasmuch as Rassures was an American citizen, and had been illegally extradited without proper representation or hearing, that he be forthwith released. Mondragon said that Rassures was out of their hands, his case having been transferred to a higher court at Saltillo, where the consul would have to make his demands.

Subsequent events prove this assertion of Mondragon utterly false. Consul Lynn has telegraphed the facts of the case to Washington, at the same time informing the State department that the reported outrages to American citizens on the Rio Grande and in Mexico were not exaggerated, but true, and suggesting vigorous action on the part of the general government for their protection.

The excitement here over this terrible outrage is at a dangerous pitch, and the county officials who were parties to it are roundly denounced and will be summarily removed from office.

Consul Linn to Gov. Ireland, and Gov. Ireland to Sec. Bayard—Texas Will "Act in the Matter."

AUSTIN, July 31.—Gov. Ireland, having been advised of the surrender and execution of Francisco Rassures, telegraphed to E. D. Linn, the American consul at Piedras Negras, for particulars, and has received the following response:

Your telegram just received. Francisco Rassures was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Diaz, at Eagle Pass, by order of Sheriff Oglesby, on the night of the 26th inst. He was handcuffed, and in fifteen minutes was delivered to Mexican officials across the Rio Grande river. Sheriff Oglesby claimed that he acted on a warrant of County Judge Hoffstetter, who says that Sheriff Oglesby persuaded him to sign the order for Rassures' arrest and delivery.

There were no papers for his arrest from Mexico, except a letter from Mondragon, Captain of the State Rangers in Coahuila, who made a general charge of horse-stealing against Rassures. A protest against being delivered to the Mexican officers was strongly made by Rassures, who insisted that he would be killed by Mondragon, his personal enemy. He appealed to me for protection on the morning of July 27, and I at once demanded his return to Texas, on the ground of his being kidnapped, and also had Oglesby to demand the prisoner's return on the same grounds. Both demands were refused by Mondragon. At one o'clock at night Rassures was taken from jail and brutally murdered by three of Mondragon's troops.

In 1873 Rassures made a declaration of citizenship in Maverick county. He lived with his family in Eagle Pass at the time of his arrest, and he was an omnibus driver. The best citizens in Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras testify to his good character.

Sheriff Oglesby says he had a private understanding with Mondragon, by which an escape was to be effected, for whom a large reward has been offered, was to be delivered to Oglesby in exchange for Rassures. Public indignation is very great on both sides of the river over this affair.

E. D. LINN, U. S. Consul.

Gov. Ireland has written to Hon. T. F. Bayard, United States secretary of State, as follows:

I have the honor to endorse the copy of a telegram just received from Hon. E. D. Linn, American consul at Piedras Negras. This man Francisco Rassures has been most foully murdered by the Mexican authorities, and a repetition of the insults and outrages committed upon American citizens by the people and the authorities on the right bank of the Rio Grande. While no possible excuse can be given for the part taken by the Texas officer in the illegal arrest and delivery to the Mexican authorities, still nothing in palliation of the foul murder has or can be offered by the Mexican authorities. The persons, whoever they are, who were engaged in the illegal arrest will be prosecuted, and I demand in the name of the state and its people that this wrong by Mexico be punished promptly.

If this state and people must depend upon themselves for protection, the necessary redress can and will be obtained.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN IRELAND,
Governor of Texas.

The governor has received a commission of Joseph Hoffstetter as extradition agent. The affair causes a great deal of excitement among the authorities and citizens of Austin. Gov. Ireland says that if the Federal government does not do something, Texas will act in the matter.

THE CUTTING CASE.

The Editor Still in Jail—The Mexicans Propose to Try Him Under the Laws of Texas.

EL PASO, Aug. 2.—Cutting was again taken into court Saturday for the twentieth time, but no sentence has yet been passed. In an interview with a reporter yesterday, Cutting gave the following account of his last "trial:"

"Mendina, the man against whom my alleged libelous article was directed, was at the judge's chambers, giving him an invoice and suggestions. I noticed that he was busy with law books. Well, this is what made me laugh. The judge notified me that since I did not recognize the laws of Mexico as applying to my case and did confess myself amenable to the laws of Texas, he had determined to substitute the laws of Texas for those of Mexico and try and punish me according to the Texas code in the case of libel and slander. They seemed to think this an act of great clemency on their part to try me by the laws which I admitted I was amenable to."

"Were the charges upon which you are on trial stated to you to-day?"

"Yes, at least there is not a word in it about any contempt of court. It is simply and solely for the publication of the El Paso, Tex., *Herald*. They seem to think that they have made their position immovable by trying me by the laws of Texas. Judge Bingham was so disgusted that he put on his hat and left the room, then the Mexican lawyers and judges scoffed and jeered at the United States. Really, I am almost ashamed to look a Mexican in the face, even the prisoners here jeered at my hopes of trial from the government. I cannot believe," Cutting continued, "that the government will permit such an outrage. Understand me, I hate all this notoriety, but I feel accident made me stand for a principle. I cannot conceive the government can do otherwise than demand my release, and enforce its demand."

Further inquiry confirmed the statement that the alleged Texas libel was the basis for the suit, and it has been translated for the court in Cutting's case. The feeling on the American side is warlike, and on the Mexican triumphant and scornful.

The Labrador Coast Over 3,000 Deaths.

ST. JOHNS, July 28.—The schooner Barrett has put in here, bringing in the latest news from the Labrador coast. For nearly two weeks she was blockaded in York harbor, 100 miles east of North East river, by a field of ice. She brings five families, who had reached that point from Sandwich Bay, over 100 miles inland, in sledges drawn by ponies, on which they subsisted after their arrival. York Harbor is crowded with fugitives, but these came from the southern coast and know nothing of their northern neighbors.

A White Bay dispatch states that whalers report that the Hudson Bay strait is again frozen over, which is an unprecedented occurrence at this season. Up to date 620 survivors have arrived here. The number that have died is estimated at 3,500. Since Saturday an east wind has blown off the banks, increasing the firmness of the coast ice.

A SAD STORY.

A Mother's Death—Her Son's Suicide, and Her Daughter Insane.

LONDON, Aug. 3.—A tragic story is told by the Cologne *Gazette* of the sad experience and cruel fate of the favorite prima donna, Zaira Gattini. A short time ago Zaira, her mother and two brothers went to Barcona, where the prima donna was to fulfil an engagement. While there the mother became ill. Physicians were called, but the patient steadily grew worse. Zaira attended at the bedside of her mother during the day and regularly appeared at the theatre each night, leaving her brothers to watch over the sick woman.

One night while Zaira was absent at the theatre, the physicians informed her brothers that their mother was in a hopeless condition, and could live but a few hours at the most. The elder of the brothers, crazed by grief at this announcement, seized a pistol and shot himself dead in the presence of his mother, who expired almost immediately afterward. The younger brother hastened to the theatre to inform his sister. He was admitted and met her just as she was leaving the stage, burdened with flowers, and her ears ringing with the applause of the audience. In a few words he told her what had happened, when, with a scream that was heard all over the house, she ran to a window and attempted to throw herself to the ground. She was restrained by friends, who, attracted by her cries, rushed toward her, and was immediately conveyed to her apartments. When her paroxysm of grief had subsided it was found that the shock had deprived her of her reason, permanently, the physician feared, and she is now confined in an asylum.

French Elections.

PARIS, August 2.—The returns thus far received show the election of 100 Republican deputies and 46 Conservatives. The Republicans have gained nine seats and lost seven. M. Ferry and M. Goblet, minister of public instruction, have been re-elected. M. Magnier, editor of the *Evenement*, has defeated Emile Olivier.

Returns from 1,043 of the districts in which elections were held yesterday for Conseillers Genereaux have been received. Fourteen hundred and thirteen of these officials are elected triennially. In 636 of the districts heard from Republicans have been elected, and in 300 Conservatives have been successful. In 107 districts a second ballot will be taken.

The Republican press calculate that the Republican majority will not be seriously diminished.

Gen. Boulanger.

PARIS, Aug. 3.—Gen. Boulanger's position is becoming awkward. He has published a statement in which he denies that one and admits that the other letters are genuine wherein he thanks the Duc d'Aumale. It is rumored that if he persists in his denial, the Duc d'Chartres will challenge him to a duel. The *Francaise* denounces the denial as subterfuge unworthy of the commander of the army. *La Patrie* asks whether it is possible to keep Boulanger at the head of the military.

Five Hundredth Anniversary.

HEIDELBERG, Aug 3.—Every hotel and inn, as far as Mannheim, is crowded with visitors who have come to take part in the celebration of the 500th anniversary of the foundation of Heidelberg university. The programme for the week is as follows:

Tuesday—Solemn service; reception of deputations; in the evening a fete at the castle.

Wednesday—A banquet and a torchlight procession of students in honor of the Grand Duke of Baden.

Thursday—Announcement of honorary degrees conferred upon foreigners.

Friday—Historical cortege

Saturday—Theatrical performance and ball.

The English Cabinet.

LONDON, July 28.—It has been officially announced that the Marquis of Londonderry has been appointed viceroy of Ireland, and Lord Iddlesleigh secretary of state for foreign affairs.

It has just been decided that Lord Randolph Churchill shall have the office of exchequer and the leadership in the House of Commons.

A hastily summoned Cabinet council is in session at Lord Granville's house. It is believed that some foreign difficulty has suddenly arisen.

OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED.

The following appointments are officially announced: Secretary for Foreign affairs, the Earl of Iddesleigh; Chief Secretary for Ireland, Sir Michael Hicks Beach.

Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Randolph Churchill, who, by virtue of his appointment, became the recognized leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons.

Secretary for War, Right Hon. W. H. Smith.

First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George Hamilton.

Lord High Chancellor, Baron Halsbury.

Secretary for India, Right Hon. Fred'k Arthur Stanley.

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, the Marquis of Salisbury.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Londonderry.

The following appointments have also undoubtedly been decided upon, but they have not yet been officially announced: Lord president of the council, Viscount Cranbrook; president local government board, Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin; president board of trade, Rt. Hon. E. Stanhope; postmaster general, Lord John Manners; commissioner of works, Rt. Hon. D. Plunket; attorney general, Sir R. Webster; lord chancellor of Ireland, Lord Ashbourne.

Ominous of Coercion.

DUBLIN, July 30.—The *Freeman's Journal* says: "The appointment of Lord Londonderry to be Viceroy of Ireland, and of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to be the chief secretary, is ominous of coercion. Irishmen must be prepared for this. The Loyalist press is delighted over the appointment of Lord Londonderry to the lord lieutenancy."

Twenty-three Thousand Slaves to be Freed.

MADRID, July 28.—In the Chamber of Deputies to-day Senor Labra moved a resolution that the government free, as soon as possible, the remaining 23,000 slaves in Cuba. The government agreed to the resolution and it was passed unanimously.

The president of the Chamber congratulated the members on the crowning of the glorious work of the abolition of slavery.

The Panama Canal.

PARIS, July 29.—At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Panama Canal company to-day M. de Lesseps, on behalf of the board of directors, presented a voluminous report, which he read. In this he had a very favorable view of the situation. He expressed confidence in the completion of the canal by June, 1889, within the cost estimated by the congress in 1879, and said that he believed there would be little difficulty in securing the necessary funds.

The Fisheries Dispute.

OTTAWA, Ont., July 30.—The Americans have filed their defense in the case of the schooner Ella N. Doughty, which was seized in May, at St. Anns. The document admits the making of the treaty of 1881, but contends that its provisions must be construed in connection with the treaty of 1783, and more particularly with article 3 thereof. The contention is those acts do not prohibit the purchase of bait or ice.

LONDON, July 30.—The *Times*, referring to the fishery question between the United States and Canada, says:

"As a last resort, the controversy can be solved only by arbitration or treaty. The Canadians have already shown that they are willing to surrender the principle of exclusion in return for tariff concessions, and the New England fishing interests might well be asked to pay for the privilege which they are claiming as a right, by allowing Canadian fish and fish-oils to cross the border duty free."

Parade of the Grand Army Boys.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3.—Since early this morning the streets of the city have been thronged with people eager to secure a good place to see the grand parade of the Grand Army of the Republic, which takes place here to-day. The start will be made from Vanness avenue, in the upper part of the city, and is timed for 10:30. As early as 9, both sides of all the streets along which the procession will pass were filled with eager, happy crowds, ready to extend to the veterans a most joyous welcome. The weather is cool and clear.

Okalahoma Overrun by Lawless Characters.

LITTLE ROCK, July 29.—Advices from Indian territory say Okalahoma is now the scene of considerable agitation. For months past numbers of persons have been locating there, despite all efforts to prevent them, and the country is overrun with desperate characters, such as hay, stock and timber thieves.

Capt. G. F. Price, of the 5th United States cavalry, has ordered the ejection of these men, and the troops under his command are carrying the order into effect as rapidly as possible. Many of the intruders show fight, and several are under arrest, and will be tried at the August term of the United States court at Fort Smith, Ark.

A SCIENTIFIC FACT.

"Royal" the only Baking Powder Free from Lime and Absolutely Pure.

Lime is the serious defect found in most of the cream of tartar baking powders. As